MELAIA,

AND OTHER POEMS.

I love it, I love it and cannot tear
My soul from a mothers old arm chair

Eliza Cook

POEMS
BY
CAROLINE LOUISA

MELAIA,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

ELIZA COOK.

My muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.
BURNS.

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PREFACE.

I AM scarcely aware that any preface is necessary to this edition of my Poems, as I have none of the usual constituents of a preface to dwell on. Reasons for publishing, and apologies and extenuations for the quality of the contents, generally mark the introductory pages of a young author. Now, I am precluded from these, my reasons for publishing being simply that I am flattered into the belief that my writings are welcome to the public; consequently any supplications for indulgence would be the mere assumption of modesty. The rapid sale of a large edition, and the increasing demand for more, afford indisputable proof of the good opinion I have gained; and it is with equal pleasure and confidence I now issue my productions in a superior form.

The present edition contains many of my earliest poems, written when rhyme was probably faster than reason: may they be found to merit a share of the favour awarded to my later efforts.

With the full consciousness that I offer that which has already stood the fearful ordeal of public judg-

ment, my sense of honesty will not allow me to indulge in the common style of preparatory language; yet if any accuse me of conceit or presumption, such accusation is most unfounded. I am well convinced there is much that is faulty in my writings; but the fierce malignity of the envious few, and the warm applause of the impartial many, assure me there is some gold with the dross, which time and experience may refine into purer brilliancy.

I will trespass no longer on the reader, but to express the most sincere acknowledgment of the patronage already bestowed, and to hope that the present volume will be considered worthy a continuance of the same.

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MELAIA.

J. Marchant, del.ᵗ H. Adlard, sc

I fled but soon the deep-toned hav

Of blood hound followed on my way

Mel ua

London, Charles Tilt, Fleet Street

MELAIA,

AND OTHER POEMS.

MELAIA.

'Twas in the age when Arts and Peace
Reviv'd once more in mighty Greece —
When Fame forsook the camp and blade,
And turn'd from purple fields to wreathe
Her meeds again for those who bade
The canvass glow, the marble breathe:
'Twas in this age Melonian stood
The highest in his sculpture art;
Known as the great, lov'd as the good;
With hand but rivall'd by his heart.
His was the power to wake the gaze,
Yielding the spirit's speechless praise —
His was the spell that flings control
Over the eye, breast, brain, and soul;
Chaining our senses to the stone,
Till we become
As fix'd and dumb
As the cold form we look upon.

Melonian was about to leave
His idol toil one summer eve,
When at his door a stranger guest
Appeared, in venerable guise,
Whose weight of years had dimm'd his eyes,
And meekly lower'd his "haught crest."
His garb was of a shape and sort
That plainly augur'd little wealth;
But his frank smile gave good report
Of rich content and placid health.
No stern and frowning gloom was seen
To curl his lip or shade his mien;
His bending limbs, and silver'd head,
Stricken with patriarchal age,
Gave ample sign that he had read
Life's volume to its closing page.
Melonian rose; the stranger bow'd: —

"Artist," cried he, "I've come to scan
Thy blazon'd works, — is it allow'd?
Though great, perhaps thou'rt not too proud
To please an old and curious man.
The restless wings of Rumour waft
Fair tidings of thy works and craft!
Crowds speak of thee with lauding joy.
I like thy name, and would employ
Thy hand. Say, Artist, what may be
The sum that forms thy common fee?"

The Sculptor smil'd. "Friend!" he exclaim'd,
"My charge may startle, when 'tis named.

Excuse me, Stranger, if I say
I deem 'tis more than thou canst pay.
Two thousand bizantines I ask
For simplest form or briefest task."

"Two thousand! 'tis indeed fair store
Of gold, but *he* deserv'd much more.
Have what thou wilt, 'tis ne'er too much;
Double the sum, it shall be thine;
But will thy chisel deign to touch
A form nor human nor divine?
I see thou hast a goodly band
Of gods and heroes scatter'd round;
But I invoke thy master hand
To carve me but a simple hound."

"A hound! a dog!" Melonian cried:
"How's this, old man, would'st thou deride
My noble art? I blush with shame.
Say, dost thou mock my skill and fame?
I, first in Greece, think'st thou 'twould suit
Such hand to carve a cur! — a brute?"

"Hold!" said the Guest. "I must not hear
Such light words thrown to one so dear.
Long as I've trod the world, I've found
Nought half so worthy as my hound;
And thou, Melonian, would'st not spurn
His claims and merit, did'st thou learn
The strange and strong, nay, holy tie
That link'd so firm and tenderly.

Of all the boons that men possess,
To aid, to cheer, instruct, and bless,
The dog,—bold, fond, and beauteous beast —
Is far from either last or least.
His love lives on through change of lot;
His faith will chain him on our grave,
To howl and starve; but thou may'st not
Have proved their love and faith: I have.

"Thy guerdon's sure: look on this ring,
A precious, though a bauble, thing;
The meanest jewel would suffice
To render safe thy utmost price.
But do my bidding, and the stone
Of richest lustre is thine own.
Behold and judge."—The Sculptor gazed
Upon the slender hand upraised,
And saw a finger thin and white,
Encircled with a hoop of gold,
Embedding diamonds of light,
Nor loosely worn nor cheaply sold.—
"Speak," cried the Stranger; "dost thou choose
To carve my dog? decide and tell.....
Enough: I see thou dost refuse
The favour craved. Artist, farewell."

Melonian seized his hand: "Nay, nay,
Thy parting is not thus with me;
Thy speech, thy bearing all betray
Thou art not what thou seem'st to be;
There's more than meets the eye and ear
In thee. Say who, and what thou art!

I'm honest, and thou need'st not fear
A gossip tongue nor traitor heart.
May I beseech thee to relate
Thy secret pilgrimage and fate?
You start—aye, 'tis a bold request;
But you have stirr'd within my breast
That quick and sudden interest
Which is not easily suppress'd.
The warmth you've kindled doth defy
The rules of gentle courtesy;
And prompts, perchance, to ruder word
And freer tone than should be heard.
Your pardon, if I give offence;
But, trust me, mine's no wily soul—
This fervour, bursting all control,
Is not the seeming of pretence."

The Stranger spoke not for awhile,
But strove to check a rising sigh,
And fix'd his calm and searching eye
Upon the Sculptor's brow. The smile
Which erst illumed his mouth had fled,
And with it every trace of red
From cheek and lips; a change had spread
O'er his fair mien, as though some deep
Keen pangs had woke from memory's sleep.
Where is the one who hath not had
Some anguish trial, long gone by,
Steal, spectre-like, all dark and sad
On busy thought, till the full eye
And aching breast betrayed too well
The past still held undying spell?

Some pensive vision of this kind
Seem'd shadowing the Stranger's mind.

"My fate," said he, "hath been to see
And bear mortality's extremes.
My days have run 'twixt cloud and sun,
But oh! with more of dark than beams.
What I was once has been conceal'd
Right cautiously from other ears;
My tongue has never yet reveal'd
The state that mark'd my earlier years;
But *thou* shalt hear it. I will trust
The earnest radiance in thy face:
'Tis spirit-lit, and I can trace
The breathing of a soul all just.
Listen, Melonian; but I claim
Thy sacred vow, that words or name
Pass not thy lips, till death has laid
This breaking form in peace and shade.
Say, Sculptor, dost thou yield thine oath?"

"Ay!" cried Melonian; "but the troth
Of simple promise is, with me,
As strong a bond as there can be.
My oath! Ay, take it if thou wilt;
Yet is that bosom base and cold,
And little worth, that does not hold
A broken word as meanest guilt.
But stay, my friend, here's rich rare wine,
Of years, I ween, outnumb'ring thine;
I know it's vintage to be good;
Pour, fill, and drink—'twill warm thy blood;

Come, pledge me deep, thy cheek is pale;
First brace thy heart, then tell thy tale."

The cup was drain'd, and Friendship's power
Had grown so great in some short hour,
'Twere difficult for host or guest
To say which liked the other best.

"Now," cried the Stranger, "hear me tell
My simple tale; and, mark me well,
Though my plain style may sound uncouth,
It yields nought else than bitter truth.
My long and chequer'd course began
Far hence, in sultry Hindostan.
Perchance I was a monarch's heir;
My toys, the sceptre and the crown;
Shown like an idol to the stare
Of a vast nation; taught to wear
A princely port, and proudly share
A power I should one day bear,
All kingly—all my own.

"I know full well ye cannot see
A trace of what there once might be;
My sand is almost out, and now
Ye find but furrows on my brow.
I know no records linger there,
Save those endors'd by age and care;
Heaven gives no stamp; Misfortune's tide
Brings prince and peasant side by side;
And who can tell the monarch when
He ranks and herds with other men?

"Ye smile, as though it were a thing
Absurd, a jest to rouse your mirth,
To say my sire might be a king,
And hold dominion o'er the earth.
Yet such he was, and such was I.
Nay, start not!—'Tis but empty sound;
Strip off the robes of purple dye,
Throw all the peacock trappings by,
And nothing more than man is found;
And often *less*—some scorpion worm,
That crawls and stings in human form;
Some upright brute, whose ruthless might,
In covert of a regal den,
Lays waste all mercy, sense, and right,
Defies a God, and tramples men.
But who expects the sapling tree
To flourish, nurs'd in royalty,
Amid the worst the world can lend
To choke and tangle, warp and rend,
'Mid all to blast the goodly shoot,
And turn fair bloom to bitter fruit.
The monarch's glance hath little chance
To scan a page in Nature's book.
The lessons there are sealed with care;
He must not, dare not, cannot look.
Lull'd by the songs that courtiers sing,
No harsher music suffer'd near,
If Truth should whisper she would ring
A strange alarum in his ear.
Could ye but see what I have seen,
And know as much as I have known,

Ye would not wonder there have been
Such graceless tyrants on a throne.

"I had an empire at my nod,
And ruled it like a demigod;
I was caress'd as one divine;
Wealth, might—scarce limited—were mine.
My word could free the veriest slave,
Or doom the guiltless to a grave.
I was a fear'd and homaged one;
Perch'd on Ambition's utmost height,
And thought, as other fools have done,
Ne'er to be lower or less bright.
But I was taught a mighty change,
In spirit, feeling, place, and word;
I've brook'd the trials, wild and strange,
Which some might question if they heard.

"I've prov'd how hard it is to cope
With traitors' blows and blasted hope;
I've drunk the cup of dark despair,
E'en to the dregs; I've brunted all
Of searing pain and withering care
That Heaven can send to goad and gall;
Yet have I stood the trying test,
And found at last my hour of rest.

"Old age is garrulous, they say,
And this choice wine has wrought so well
That my tongue gains a swifter play,
And my lax heartstrings warmly swell.

But come, I'll speed my tale, and pray
None else may have such tale to tell.

"'Twas on the night-fall of a day,
When slaughter's red and fierce career
Had lasted from the breaking ray,
Leaving, as twilight died away,
Some thousands on one common bier.

"The night came on, the work was done,
The glory ours, the battle won;
My hand was tired of the sword,
And gladly to its sheath restor'd
The dripping blade; for though my life
Hath oft been risk'd in human strife,
Elate and proud to have my name
Grow dreaded for its soldier fame;
Though I have stumbled o'er the slain,
'Mid splinter'd bone and scatter'd brain;
Though I have seen the streaming blood
Drench the green sod and tinge the flood;
Still, when the raging hour had sped,
I sigh'd to think such things had been;
And though I help'd to strew the dead,
I sicken'd at the carnage scene.
My soul was reckless in the crash
Of ringing shield and striking clash.
Then I had all the tiger's will,
And all the lion's strength, to kill;
But when I trod the dead-strewn plain,
With mercy at her post again,

I felt a shuddering horror lurk,
To think I'd mingled in such work.

" 'Twas on the night of such a day,
Exhausted and o'erspent,
I flung my heavy mail away,
And hied me to my tent.
There, close beside my couch, I found
A young and almost lifeless hound;
Some random sword or falling spear
Had deeply gash'd his neck and ear:
He panted fast, he freely bled,
His eyeballs had a glazy beam;
He moan'd with anguish as his head
Fell weltering in his own life-stream.
I ask'd who own'd him—all were mute,—
Not one stood forth to make a claim.
Who brought him there?—None knew the brute,
Nor how, nor whence, nor when he came.
Poor wretch! I could not let him lie
Unheeded, there to bleed and die:
The girdle from my waist I tore,
To bind the wound and staunch the gore.

" 'Twas done; I mark'd enough to see
He was a dog of noble breed,
A whelp that promised fair to be
The first in beauty, strength, and speed.
I liked the beast, and turn'd to give
Command that I would have him live.
It was enough; he found repose,
Secure from farther wounds and foes.

" Full soon he won my right good-will;
I liked him well,
As ye may tell,
By how he claims my homage still.
His fleetness held the longest chase;
He never knew the second place;
The prey once seiz'd, he'd ne'er resign
His hold for any voice but mine;
The bribe was vain, the threat defied,
I was his lord, and none beside.

" *He* did not serve me for my throne,
Yet was he grateful, fond, and brave;
He loved me for myself alone.
He was that good and gracious thing,
That rare appendage to a king,
A friend that never play'd the slave.

" There was one other tie to hold
My heart; I never loved but two;
That other—must the name be told!
Yes, yes,—it was my queenly bride,
My worshipp'd star, my joy, my pride;
But *she* was false;—my *dog* was true!

" I saw her in a lowly grade,
Too bright a blossom for the shade;
I woo'd, but with an honest love;
I spread no snares to catch the dove;
The bar of rank was trampled down,
I stoop'd, and raised her to my crown.

" Oh, how I doted on her smile,—
That sunbeam o'er a gulf of guile;
How I adored her orbs of blue,
Clear, full, and lustrous in their hue;
Rich as the deep cerulean light
Of autumn's melting moonlit night.

" I've met their tender glance, half hid
Beneath the thick-fringed falling lid;
I've seen the pearly drops of grief
Swim like the dew on violet's leaf;
I've watch'd their pleasure-kindled ray
Flash out like summer lightning's play;
And thought, had old Prometheus caught
The gleaming spark from eyes like those,
He would have found the fire he sought
On earth—nor made the gods his foes.

" Her golden hair, with glossy sheen,
Fell round her temples rich and free,
With all the graceful beauty seen
In flowers of the laburnum tree.
Her soft cheeks made the maple fade,
Such tint, such bloom, was theirs alone;
The sculptor's art could ne'er impart
Her stately bearing to the stone.

" Oh, why does Heaven bequeath such gifts,
To fascinate all eyes that mark,
With magnet charm, till something lifts
The mask, and shows how foully dark

The dazzling reptile is within,
Beneath its painted harlot skin.
If it were so, the outward part
Bore witness of the mind and heart,
How many a one must shun the light,
Or show a leper to the sight.

" I know I carried much of taint,
That gave offence to Heaven and man;
But if ye seek a sage or saint,
Search courts, and find him if ye can.

" I was corrupt, and did much wrong,
But never breath'd of harm to her;
Mine was that passion, warm and strong,
Which keeps its radiance pure and long,
However else the soul may err.
" I loved her with a zeal intense,
That thrall'd each colder, wiser sense;
I drank the nectar from her lip,
As bees the honied poison sip;
I trusted her, my tongue reveal'd
All — much that should have been conceal'd:
She labour'd, not in vain, to wrest
Some potent secrets from my breast;
And then she leagued with traitor band;
A toil was spread, foul work was plann'd,
A rueful deed was to be done,
And I the victim, — she the one —
Oh, mercy! have I speech and breath!
She, she to weave the mesh of death!

" What's this upon my cheek? a tear!
Weak drop, what business hast thou here?
I fondly hoped the shatter'd string
Had been by now a tuneless thing;
But touch it lightly as I will,
It gives a mournful echo still.
Oh! when the heart has once been riven,
The wound will firmly close no more;
Let Memory's searching probe be driven,
It bleeds and quivers, freshly sore.

" This must not be;—more wine I say;
Your nectar juice shall sweep away
The phantom pang. Fill up, I'll drain
This bowl, and to my tale again.

" She leagued with traitors! 'Twas no dream!
I'd proof of all the hellish scheme;
I'd noticed much of late to make
The drowsiest suspicion wake.
Strange glances interchanged by those
I guess'd were less of friends than foes;
And more than once I'd plainly heard
A whisper'd treasonable word.
But these I brooked, and thought to quell
All petty brawls that might betide;
Till I beheld the Hecate spell
Was conjured by my trusted bride.

" Chance gave a paper to my sight,
Meant for another eye to meet.

It stated that the coming night
Would render treachery complete.
It told, what fiends would scarce proclaim
Of treason, murder!—and the same
Bore impress of her seal and name.

"Mute with dismay, I still read on;
And oh! the direst that could be,
I found her very honour gone—
She loved another and not me.....

"I stood with fire in every vein;
My pulses beat with frenzied stroke;
I breath'd with that short heaving strain
Which teaches what it is to choke.
A moment, and there came a chill,
A stagnant, icy chill, as though
The blood recoil'd, afraid to fill
A heart made weak with such a blow.

"The jarring chaos could not last;
Such struggling state is quickly past;
Such conflict is too close and strong
For mortal strength to bear with long.
When we have learnt the very worst,
The spirit soon must yield, or burst.

"I was betray'd, ay, e'en to life;
Sedition round, and death in view.
And they who see the assassin's knife
Must aptly think and promptly do.

" My love was wreck'd, my faith deceived;
The strokes that ever madden most.
Without these, all had been retrieved;
With them, I cared not what was lost.

" My kingship flitted o'er my brain,
My pompous sway, my courtier train;
I laugh'd, and rent the ermine vest,
That only mocked my abject state;
I dash'd the jewels from my breast,
And sought my palace gate.

" I trod all soft and stealthily;
The path was clear I meant to fly.
Ne'er call me coward, till ye bear
The test by which I then was tried;
Remember, had I tarried there,
The stroke was sure—I'd meanly died.

" I knew some minions round me then
Were more of demons than of men.
Their aim was sure, if life the mark;
Once set on blood, they'd keep the track,
And would not scruple in the dark
To sheathe their dagger in my back.

" With fearful haste, I saddled straight
An Arab courser, newly broke,
Whose strength and grace were fit to mate
With those that form Apollo's yoke.
" 'Twas no meet moment to restrain

His mettled zeal. Away he sped,
With tossing mane,
And flinging rein,
Upon the way he chose to tread.
The die was cast — flight, instant flight,
Alone could lend me hope to live.
The monarch-born, the gem-bedight,
The flatter'd god, the ever right,
Was now a friendless fugitive.

"Away! away! the clatt'ring hoof
Re-echoed from the palace roof.
I fled, unrivalled by the wind,
Nor threw a single glance behind.
Crown, sceptre, throne — such dreams were o'er;
Melaia was a king no more.

"I fled; but soon the deep-toned bay
Of blood-hound follow'd on my way;
And even now there's a rebound
Of joyous throb, a glow that steals
Swift through my frame, to tell I found
My gallant dog upon my heels.

"How welcome are the words that tell
The culprit, doom'd to death and pain,
That he may quit his chains and cell,
And rove the world all free again.
How precious is the ray of light
That breaks upon the blind one's eye,
Unfolding to his wondering sight
The glorious scenes of earth and sky.

But never to despairing ear,
Or hopeless orb, was aught so dear
  As he to me appear'd to be
In that dark hour of flight and fear.

"I check'd my steed, and lost some time,
To let that dumb retainer climb,
With whimpering joy, and fondly greet
The hand he ever sprung to meet.
I stoop'd above his glossy head,
And many a streaming tear I shed,
Ay, like a child;—but recollect,
In perils we must not reject
The meanest aid. The straw or plank
Will lure us then to snatch and thank.

"I linger'd, but, ere long, my ear
Had warning of pursuers near.
My rowels touch'd my Arab's side,
Away he leapt like rushing tide,
That rolls to fling its sweeping waste
With furious all-defying haste.

On, on, we went, I took no heed
  How such a strange career would end.
I urged my barb to meteor speed,
  But cared not where that speed might tend.
He sprung, he flew, as though he knew
  A frenzied wretch was on his back;
And kept his pace for goodly space,
  Upon his own free chosen track.
He bore me on for many an hour,
With headlong sweep, and bounding power.

At last he faltered on his path ;
I goaded, but the goad was vain.
Where was I ? with the sun's full wrath
Around me on the desert plain.

" What an unthought-of goal I'd won;
Mercy ! what wildering race I'd run.
'Twould soon be o'er, my failing horse
Was strangely wheeling on his course:
His strength was out, his spirit flagged,
His fire was spent, he faintly lagged ;
His dripping flanks and reeking neck,
Were white with rifts of foaming fleck.
His laboured breath was quick and short,
His nostrils heaved with gasping snort ;
He tottered on, — his will was good, —
His work had not belied his blood.

" Another mile, and then he fell.
His part was o'er — he'd play'd it well.
With snapping girth, and reeling head,
He groan'd, and sunk, — my steed was dead.

" Above me one vast concave spread,
No dappled clouds, no mellow blue;
Hot, darting rays, like torches, shed
A light of most unearthly hue.

" Below was one smooth glittering sheet,
That crisp'd and crack'd beneath my feet;
No springing herb, no daisied sod,—
All barren, joyless, and untrod.

My dog was fawning at my side,
Untired with my rapid ride;
But I rebuked the sportive bound,
That scatter'd choking dust around.

"My breath was faint, my skin was dry,
The little moisture in my eye
Serv'd but to scald; the striking beams
Fell on my form like sulphur streams.
What hideous change! I, who had known
The sick'ning splendour of a throne,
I, humbled wretch, was craving now
A moment's shadow for my brow.

"Thus to be left on such a spot,
Appear'd the climax of my lot.
Death hover'd there in such gaunt shape,
That Hope scarce whisper'd of escape;
But I was not in fitting state
To weigh the chances of my fate.

"I wended on with hasty stride,
'Twixt torrid earth and brazen sky,
Reckless of all that might betide,
To meet the worst, to live or die.

"But some conjecture, quick and wild,
Flash'd sudden o'er me, and beguiled
To flattering Hope. I vaguely guess'd
That nigh the desert, in the west,
A city stood. That thought inspired
And held me on a while untired.

"I doubted if my wasting strength
Could last the unknown burning length.
It might; yet, oh! 'twas fearful risk,
To toil between the blazing disk
Of eastern sun and shining sand,
With lips unmoisten'd, cheek unfann'd.
'Twas frightful ordeal, but yet
Dire evils pass if boldly met.

"I will not tire thy patient ear
With tedious detail of my woe;
But bring my rambling speech to bear
On that I wish thee most to know.

"Hour after hour brought on the night,
With something less of heat and light.
You may believe I was outworn;
And trembling, famish'd, and forlorn,
I flung me on the dewless ground,
And fast and bitter tears I wept,
Till pillow'd on my faithful hound,
Like a tired child, I sobb'd, and slept.

"Slumber like mine wrought little good.
I started as the sun uprose,
And fancied that my boiling blood
Had gather'd torture from repose.
I felt my temples glow, and beat
With faster pulse and fiercer heat.
I would have wept again, but now
My very tears refused to flow.

"I woke — I lived, to meet, to bear
With famine, thirst, and blank despair:
I cast my eager straining eye
From sky to sand, from sand to sky;
No, no relief! my hound and I
Were all that broke the vacancy.

"The whirling blast, the breaker's dash,
The snapping ropes, the parting crash,
The sweeping waves that boil and lash,
The stunning peal, the hissing flash,
The hasty prayer, the hopeless groan,
The stripling seaboy's gurgling tone,
Shrieking amid the flood and foam,
The names of mother, love, and home;
The jarring clash that wakes the land,
When, blade to blade, and hand to hand,
Unnumber'd voices burst and swell,
In one unceasing war-whoop yell;
The trump of discord ringing out,
The clamour strife, the victor shout;—
Oh! these are noises any ear
Will dread to meet and quail to hear:
But let the earth or waters pour
The loudest din or wildest roar;
Let Anarchy's broad thunders roll,
And Tumult do its worst to thrill,
There is a *silence* to the soul
More awful, and more startling still.

"To hear our very breath intrude
Upon the boundless solitude,

Where mortal tidings never come,
With busy feet or human hum;
All hush'd above, beneath, around —
No stirring form, no whisper'd sound; —
This is a loneliness that falls
Upon the spirit, and appals
More than the mingled rude alarms
Arising from a world in arms.

"This is a silence bids us shrink,
As from a precipice's brink;
But ye will rarely meet it, save
In the hot desert, or cold grave.
Cut off from life and fellow men,
This silence was around me then.
'Twas horrible, but once again
I dragg'd along the scorching plain,
Till the consuming orb of day
Shot down the close meridian ray.

"Exhausted nature now had done
Its utmost 'neath a desert sun,
And moments of delirium came;
A staggering weakness seized my frame;
My feet refused their task, when, lo!
My gaze met
Many a minaret.
A city rose; 'twas nigh; but, oh!
The beacon star now shone in vain;
Though short the space, I ne'er could gain
That other league. My limbs, my heart,
All fail'd; I felt my sinews start

With the last shudder of despair;
And Hope expired—my grave was there.

"'Twas thirst, 'twas madd'ning thirst alone,
That wrung my spirit's inmost groan.
Hunger is bitter, but the worst
Of human pangs, the most accurs'd
Of Want's fell scorpions, is thirst.

"I look'd upon this precious ring,
That few beside a king could buy;
What was its value, would it bring
A cup of water? No! its gleam,
That flash'd back to the brazen beam,
But taunted with its brilliancy.

"My strange distemper'd fancy wrought
The doom of Tantalus; for nought
Broke on my frantic waking dream
But the deep well and limpid stream:
Distorted vision conjured near
All that is cool, fresh, moist, and clear.
I saw the crystal fountain play
In leaping sheets of snowy spray;
I heard the undulating wave
Of the swift river gush and lave;
I saw the dew on grass and flower;
I heard the gentle summer shower,
With its soft pattering bubbles drip;
I heard the dashing water-fall—
Oh! it was cruel mockery all.
I laugh'd, and then my shrunken lip

Oozed thicken'd gore; with upraised hand,
I sunk upon the shining sand,
A Maker's mercy to implore.
I fervently invoked a name
Which, I confess with much of shame,
I'd rarely call'd upon before.

"'Mid pleasure, plenty, and success,
Freely we take from Him who lends;
We boast the blessings we possess,
Yet scarcely thank the One who sends.
But let Affliction pour its smart,
How soon we quail beneath the rod;
With shatter'd pride, and prostrate heart,
We seek the long-forgotten God.
Let Him but smite us, soon we bleed,
And tremble like a fragile reed;
Then do we learn, and own, and feel
The power that wounds alone can heal.
'Twas thus with me; the desert taught
Lessons with bitter truth replete.
They chasten'd sorely, but they brought
My spirit to its Maker's feet.

"My glance was for a moment thrown
Toward the Heaven I address'd;
But the fierce rays came rushing down
Upon my brow
With furnace glow,
Dense, lurid, red,
Till my smote head
Fell faint and stricken on my breast.

"Thus while I knelt my hound look'd up—
Fate was about to give the last,
The o'erflowing drop to Misery's cup —
He started, fled, and bounded fast.

"Oh! what a moment, all the past
Was blended in that little space.
He fled me at his utmost pace,
Like arrow from the string he flew
Right on — he lessen'd to my view.
'Twas o'er; he vanish'd from my sight;
I breath'd his name, and groan'd outright.
I was alone;
My dog had gone —
He that I deem'd the firmly true —
In the last hour *he* left me too.

"I saw no more; I snatch'd my breath
Like those who meet a drowning death;
One cry of hopeless agony
Escaped my lips, while earth and sky
Grew dark, and reel'd before mine eye.
A whirling pang shot through my brain,
Of mingled madness, fire, and pain.
'Twas rending, but it was the last.
Thank God, it came like lightning flame,
And desolated as it past.

"No more of this; I only know,
I felt strange pressure on my brow;
The world was not; I can but tell,
That senseless, lone, and blind, I fell.

" The next that Memory can mark
Is of a clear and shrill-toned bark.
Sense tardily came back; I woke
Beneath a gentle pawing stroke.
I gazed with wild and doubting stare —
My dog! my noble dog was there —
It was my Murkim that I saw,
With blood, wet blood, upon his jaw.
What sight for eyes like mine to meet!
I shriek'd, I started to my feet.
Judge of my joy; beside him lay
A small and lifeless beast of prey.
I seized it; I was in no mood
To play the epicure in food;
I waited not to think on what
That prey might be, or whence 'twas got.
Had you but seen me clutch and fall,
Like famish'd wolf or cannibal,
Upon that mangled, raw repast,
My hands, my teeth, all tearing fast;
Had you beheld my dry lips drain
The current from each reeking vein!
No nectar half so sweet or fresh;
Oh, it was rare delicious fare;
I never quaff'd such luscious draught,
Nor tasted viand like that flesh.
It sooth'd my brain, it cool'd my eye,
It quench'd the fire upon my brow;
It gave me breath, strength, energy;
And, looking to the city nigh,
I felt that I could reach it now.

Could I do less than kneel and bless
My Saviour in the wilderness?
But what will all of speech avail?
The choicest eloquence would fail;
The feeling that absorb'd my heart
  Was of that deep entrancing kind
  Which doth defy the lips to find
A fitting language to impart
Its glowing zeal and passionate start.
My lips would faulter to discuss
  The sense he kindled in my breast:
My dog had snatch'd from death, and thus—
  I leave thee to suppose the rest.

" Again I took my onward way,
  Once more I track'd the desert ground;
Again I knelt to thank, to pray,
Nor deem me impious, if I say
  That next to God I held my hound.

" I reach'd the city; many a year
    Has roll'd away,
    Since that long day,
But yet, behold this truant tear
Proclaims that trying day is set
Among the few we ne'er forget.

" Methinks I'm getting sad — and see,
The sun's behind yon orange tree:
'Tis well my tale holds little more;
It wearies, and I wish it o'er.

Some time, perchance, when thou'rt inclined,
I'll yield thee more of what befell
The throne and bride I left behind:
But now I do not care to dwell
On what, to me,
Will ever be
A most ungrateful theme to tell.

"I walk'd the world unmark'd, unknown,
Remote from man, but not alone;
I kept one friend, the closely bound,
The dear, the changeless, in my hound.
He had become my spirit's part,
And rarely did he leave my side;
He shared my board, my couch, my heart,
Till, press'd by time, he droop'd, and died
Of sheer old age. Why, Murkim, why
Did not Melaia too then die!
I miss thee still, I mourn thee yet.
But lo! again my cheek is wet.
Fool that I am — this will not do —
Artist, this suits nor me nor you:
My words have just worn down the sun.
One question, friend, and I have done.

"I've told thee how he bore and braved
The darkest chequer in my lot;
You know his worth; he serv'd and saved.
Now, wilt thou carve my dog, or not?"

Pillars had moulder'd, ages waned,
Since this plain tale beguil'd an hour;
And Time and War had both profaned
The glory-seat of arts and power;
Famed Greece, the beautiful and great,
Was but a wreck'd and fallen state;
She was but as a funeral urn,
Holding the ashes worlds revere,
O'er which the coldest heart will mourn,
And strangers hang to shed the tear:
Each monument was laid in dust,
By some ungodly savage hand;
Her palace gates had gather'd rust,
Her picture scrolls had fed the brand:
When, 'mid the relics scatter'd round
One of surpassing skill was found;
The work was rare,
The marble fair,
The form, a bold and couchant hound.

The old and wise, with judgment stern,
In curious search were seen to turn
With careless glance from all the rest,
And own that image first and best.
The artist boy was seen to pause,
Ecstatic in his rapt applause.
No idle wanderer pass'd it by,
But mark'd with brighter, closer eye.
They linger'd there to ask and trace
The legend such a form might lend;
But nought was known save what its base
Told, in the words, "Melaia's Friend."

A ROMAUNT.

H. Adlard sc

...and now at the waterfall, side by side

Stand the herdsman's son and the Castle's pride.

Tracy de Vere and Hubert Grey

London: Charles Ellis Fleet Street.

A Romaunt.

TRACY DE VORE AND HUBERT GREY.

A TALE.

Know ye not the stripling child
That strolls from the castle wall,
To play with the mate he likes the best,
By the mountain waterfall?

With delicate hand, and polish'd skin,
Like Parian marble fair;
Know ye him not? 'Tis Tracy de Vore,
The Baron's beautiful heir.

'Tis Tracy de Vore, the castle's pride,
The rich, the nobly born,
Pacing along the sun-lit sod
With the step of a playful fawn.

The waving plume in his velvet cap
Is bound with a golden band;
His rich and broider'd suit exhales
The breath of Arabia's land.

His light and fragile form is grac'd
With a girdle of silver'd blue;
And of matchless azure the belt would seem,
Were it not for his eyes' own hue.

Look on those eyes, and thou wilt find
A sadness in their beam,
Like the pensive shade that willows cast
On the sky-reflecting stream.

Soft flowing curls of an auburn shade
Are falling around his brow;
There's a mantling blush that dwells on his cheek,
Like a rose-leaf thrown on the snow.

There's a halcyon smile spread o'er his face,
Shedding a calm and radiant grace;
There's a sweetness of sound in his talking tones,
Betraying the gentle spirit he owns.

And scarcely an accent meets his ear
But the voices of praise and love:
Caress'd and caressing, he lives in the world
Like a petted and beautiful dove.

He is born to bear the high command
Of the richest domain in Switzerland;

And the vassals pray that fame and health
May bless the child of rank and wealth!
Oh! truly does every lip declare
What a cherub-like boy is Lord Tracy's heir!

And now on the green and sedgy bank
Another stripling form is seen:
His garb is rough, his halloo loud;
He is no Baron's heir I ween.

Know ye him not? 'tis the mountain child,
Born and rear'd 'mid the vast and wild;
And a brighter being ne'er woke to the day
Than the herdsman's son, young Hubert Grey.

There's a restless flashing in his eye,
That lights up every glance;
And now he tracks the wheeling bird;
And now he scans the distant herd;
And now he turns from earth and sky,
To watch where the waters dance.

A ruddy tinge of glowing bronze
Upon his face is set;
Closely round his temples cling
Thick locks of shaggy jet.

Mark him well! there's a daring mien
In Hubert Grey that's rarely seen;
And suiting that mien is the life he leads,
Where the eagle soars, and the chamois feeds.

He loves to climb the steepest crag,
Or plunge in the rapid stream;
He dares to look on the thunder cloud,
And laugh at the lightning's gleam.

The snow may drift, the rain may fall,
But what does Hubert care?
As he playfully wrings, with his hardy hand,
His drench'd and dripping hair.

He can tread through the forest, or over the rocks,
In the darkest and dreariest night,
With as sure a step, and as gay a song,
As he can in the noon-day's light.

The precipice, jutting in ether air,
Has nought of terror for him;
He can pace the edge of the loftiest peak
Without trembling of heart or limb.

He heeds not the blast of the winter storm,
Howling on o'er the pine-cover'd steep;
In the day he will whistle to mimic its voice,
In the night it lulls him to sleep.

And now he has brought, from his mountain home,
(With feet and forehead bare,)
A tiny boat, and lance-wood bow,
The work of his young hand I trow,
To please the Baron's heir;
And now, at the waterfall, side by side,
Stand the herdsman's son and the castle's pride!

Tracy de Vore hath high-born mates
Invited to share his play;
But none are half so dear to him
As lowly Hubert Grey.

He hath a spaniel taught to mark,
And wait his word with a joyous bark;
He hath a falcon taught to fly
When he looses its silver chain;
To range, at his bidding, round the sky,
Then seek his hand again.

His ear is used to the softest song;
To the lute, and gay guitar;
But the native strain of the herdsman's son
Is sweeter to him by far!

He hath toys and trinkets, bought with gold;
And a palfrey in the stall;
But Hubert's bow, and Hubert's boat,—
Oh, they are worth them all!

And Hubert Grey hath learnt to love
The smile of Tracy de Vore;
He delights in leading the timid boy
Where he never trod before.

He teaches him how to note the hours,
By where the sun-beams rest;
He wades for him where the virgin flowers
Gracefully bend 'neath the cascade's showers,
To pluck the whitest and best.

He tells him the curious legends of old,
Known by each mountaineer;
He tells him the story of ghost and fay;
Waking his wonder and fear.

Never so joyful is Hubert's shout
As when his eagle-eyes look out,
And spy afar, in the plain below,
Young Tracy's cap with its plume of snow.

Never so glad is Tracy de Vore
As when he can steal away
From his father's watchful doting care,
To rove with Hubert Grey.

And now, at the waterfall, side by side,
Stand the Herdsman's son and the Baron's pride!
The summer beams are falling there
On the mountain boy and the noble heir!

Time flies on, a year has sped,
And summer comes again;
The sun is shining warm and bright,
O'er forest, hill, and plain!

But never again will Tracy de Vore
Stroll from the castle wall,
To play with the one he loves the best,
By the mountain waterfall.

There's silence in the mansion now;
Loud mirth is turn'd to sighing;
The Baron weeps, the vassals mourn,
For the noble heir is dying!

Look on the lip that so sweetly smiled,
The cheek that was freshly fair;
Oh, cruelly sad is the tale they tell!
Consumption revels there.

With panting breath, and wasting frame,
The languid boy lives on,
With just enough of life to show
That life will soon be gone!

Pallid and weak, he is slowly led,
Like an infant, from his downy bed;
He turns his dimm'd and sunken eye
To look once more upon the sky;
But, ah! he cannot bear the rays
Of a glowing sun to meet his gaze.

He breathes a sigh, and once again
Looks out upon the grassy plain;
He sees his milk-white palfrey there,
His own pet steed, so sleek and fair;
But there's no silken rein to deck
The beauty of its glossy neck;
No saddle-cloth is seen to shine
  Upon its sides—the steed doth lack
A coaxing hand, and seems to pine,
  To miss the one that graced its back.

Young Tracy stands, his azure eye
  Dwells fondly on the favourite brute;
The struggling tear-drop gathers fast,
  But still his lip is mute.

He looks once more in the castle court,
The scene of many a festive sport;
He sees his spaniel dull and lone,
He hears its plaintive whining tone;
He looks beyond the castle wall,
Where he used to play by the waterfall;
He thinks on the days of health and joy,
When he roved abroad with the mountain boy!
And the gushing tears start down his cheek,
His eyelids fall—he cannot speak—
He turns away—a damask couch
  Receives his fainting form:
Exhausted, trembling, pale, he sinks,
  Like a lily from the storm!

The mother sits beside the couch,
  Her arm around him thrown,
And bitterly she grieves above
  Her beautiful, her own!

He is dying fast—he murmurs forth
  The name of Hubert Grey—
"Where? where is he I love so well?
  Why comes he not to-day?

"Oh! bring him to me ere I die"—
  Enough—away! away!
With eager speed dash man and steed,
  To summon Hubert Grey!

And where is he? the herdsman's son,
The bold, the bright, the dauntless one!
The dew is off the shadiest spot,
The noon is nigh—why comes he not?

Long since, the mountain boy was brought
  Within the castle gate;
For none could soothe the pining heir,
  Like his old and lowly mate.

And, true as sunrise, with the dawn
Hath Hubert bent his steps at morn
Over the crags where torrents roar,
To tarry till night with Tracy de Vore!
But where is he now? the sun is hot,
The noon is past — why comes he not?

The vassal Oswald wends his way:
To Hubert's home he hies;
To the herdsman's hut that stands alone,
Where cataract streams dash wildly on,
Where giant mountains rise.

He calls aloud: "Hist, Hubert Grey!
Quick! back with me on the gallant bay!
Why have ye kept so long away?
The darling heir is dying fast;
This day, this hour may be his last!—
Come, haste thee, quick, I say!"

The door flings back—the herdsman's wife
Comes forth with wond'ring look;
"'Tis strange!" she cries, "three hours ago
He started, with his staff and bow,
And the castle way he took!

"He talk'd of gathering for the heir
A bunch of wild flowers, sweet and rare—
He talk'd of climbing Morna's height,
Where the large blue-bells grow;
They overhang—yes, yes—oh Heaven!—
That dark ravine below!

"Hubert! my child! where art thou gone?
Thy mother calls to thee!"
No answer!—"To the rock!" she cries—
"On, Oswald! on with me!"

Together, up the craggy path,
Speed Oswald and the herdsman's wife:
She calls and listens — calls again —
Her heart with fear is rife.

And Oswald gives the well-known sign;
He whistles shrill and clear;
He winds his horn, and blows the blast
That Hubert loved to hear.

But ah! the whistle and the horn
Are only echoed back;
No Hubert comes — and now they reach
The highest mountain track.

The foot of Oswald presses on
Right cautiously and slow;
For few would dare, like Hubert Grey,
Near Morna's edge to go!

The dark gulf breaks with frightful yawn,
Terrific to the gaze;
A murky horror shades the spot,
Beneath meridian rays.

But hush! — that sound — a hollow moan —
Again, a stifled, gurgling groan!
The mother stands, nor speaks, nor moves,
Transfix'd with mute dismay!
The vassal fears, his footsteps shrink,
He trembles as he gains the brink;

He shudders, looks with straining eyes
Adown the abyss — "Oh God!" he cries,
"'Tis he — 'tis Hubert Grey!"

Yes, yes, 'tis he! — the herdsman's son —
The bold, the bright, the dauntless one!
He hath bent him o'er to reach the flowers
That spring along the dreaded steep;
His brain grows dizzy — yet again —
He snatches, totters, shrieks, in vain —
He falls ten fathoms deep!

The groan that met his mother's ear
Gave forth his latest breath;
The mountain boy is sleeping fast
The dreamless sleep of death!

Thrown wildly back, his clotted hair
Leaves his gash'd forehead red and bare.
Look on his cheek — his dauntless brow —
Oh God, there's blood upon them now!
His hand is clench'd with stiffen'd clasp,
The wild flowers still within its grasp:

The vulture, perch'd upon the crag,
Seems waiting for its prey;
The vulture that, at morning's light,
His halloo scared away.

Stretch'd like a lion-cub he lies;
As wild he lived, as lonely dies:
The mountain-born, the free, the brave,
Too soon hath found a mountain-grave.

And many an eye shall weep his fate,
  And many a heart shall rue the day;
For a brighter being ne'er had life
  Than the herdsman's son, young Hubert Grey!

And Tracy de Vore, the Baron's heir,
The meek, the cherub-like, the fair,
He is sinking to eternal rest,
Soft pillow'd on his mother's breast;
He knows not that his lowly mate
Hath met so horrible a fate.

No dark convulsion shakes his frame;
  No change comes o'er his face;
The icy hand hath touch'd his heart,
  But left no scathing trace.

One murmuring sigh escapes his lip;
  The sweetest toned, the last;
Like the faint echo harp strings give
  Of thrilling music past.

The signet seal of other worlds
  Falls softly on his brow;
He seem'd but sleeping when it came,
  He seems but sleeping now.

For death steals softly and smilingly
  To close his earthly day;

Like the autumn breeze that gently wafts
The summer leaf away.

The Baron weeps; his look declares
All hope, all joy has fled;
His soul's adored, his house's pride,
His only born, is dead.

The castle is dark—no sound is heard
But the wailing of deep despair;
The lord and the vassal are mourning aloud
For the well loved, noble heir!
Oh, truly does every heart deplore
The young and beautiful Tracy de Vore!

And sorrow hath found a dwelling place
In the herdsman's lowly hut;
The door is fast against the sun,
The casement is closely shut.

Death gave no warning *there*, but struck
With a fierce and cruel blow;
Like the barb that sinks from hand unseen
In the heart of the bounding roe.

The mother laments with a maniac's grief;
Her sobbing is bitterly loud;
Her eye is fixed on her mangled boy,
As he lies in his winding shroud.

The herdsman's voice hath lost its tone;
His brow is shaded o'er;
There's a hopeless anguish in his breast,
That he never felt before.

There's a tear on his cheek when the sun gets up;
He sighs at the close of day;
His mates would offer the cheering cup,
But he turns his lip away:
He mourns for the one that promised well
To walk his land like another Tell!

The doleful tidings speed swiftly on
Of the promising spirits for ever gone;
And the words fall sadly on the ear
Of every list'ning mountaineer.

They grieve for their own, their free-born child,
Nestled and rear'd 'mid the vast and wild;
For there trod not the hills a dearer one
To the hearts of all than the herdsman's son.

They sigh to look on the turrets below,
And think 'tis the lordly abode of woe;
They sigh to miss, from the waterfall's side,
The mountain boy and the Baron's pride!

And many a tongue shall tell the tale,
And many a heart shall rue the day,
When the hut and castle lost their hopes
In Tracy de Vore and Hubert Grey!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with list'ning ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smil'd
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.

Years roll'd on, but the last one sped —
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

SONG OF THE RUSHLIGHT.

Oh, scorn me not as a fameless thing,
Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing.
'Tis true, I am not suffer'd to be
On the ringing board of wassail glee;
My pallid gleam must never fall
In the gay saloon or lordly hall;
But many a tale does the rushlight know
Of secret sorrow and lonely woe.

I am found in the closely-curtain'd room,
Where a stillness reigns that breathes of the tomb—
Where the breaking heart and heavy eye
Are waiting to see a loved one die—

Where the doting child with noiseless tread
Steals warily to the mother's bed,
To mark if the faint and struggling breath
Is fluttering still in the grasp of death.

The panting has ceased, the cheek is chill,
And the ear of the child bends closer still.
It rests on the lips, but listens in vain,
For those lips have done with life and pain;—
I am wildly snatch'd, and held above
The precious wreck of hope and love.
The work is seal'd, for my glimmering ray
Shows a glazing eye and stiff'ning clay.

I am the light that quivering flits
In the joyless home where the fond wife sits,
Waiting the one that flies his hearth,
For the gambler's dice and drunkard's mirth.
Long hath she kept her wearying watch,
Now bitterly weeping, now breathless to catch
The welcome sound of a footstep near,
Till she weeps again as it dies on her ear.

Her restless gaze, as the night wears late,
Is anxiously thrown on the dial plate;
And a sob responds to the echoing sound
That tells the hand hath gone its round:
She mournfully trims my slender wick,
As she sees me fading and wasting quick;
And many a time has my spark expired,
And left her still the weeping and tired.

I am the light that dimly shines
Where the friendless child of genius pines —
Where the godlike mind is trampled down
By the callous sneer and freezing frown —
Where Want is playing a demon part,
And sends its iron to the heart, —
Where the soul burns on in the bosom that mourns
Like the incense fire in funeral urns.

I see the hectic fingers fling
The thoughts intense that flashingly spring,
And my flickering beam illumes the page
That may live in the fame of a future age;
I see the pale brow droop and mope,
Till the breast turns sick with blasted hope —
Till the harsh cold world has done its worst,
And the goaded spirit has groan'd and burst.

I am the light that's doom'd to share
The meanest lot that man can bear;
I see the scanty portion spread,
Where children struggle for scraps of bread —
Where squalid forms and faces seem
Like phantoms in a hideous dream —
Where the soul may look, with startled awe,
On the work of Poverty's vulture claw.

Many a lesson the bosom learns
Of hapless grief while the rushlight burns;
Many a scene unfolds to me
That the heart of Mercy would bleed to see:

Then scorn me not as a fameless thing,
Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing;
But smile as ye will, or scorn as ye may,
There's nought but truth to be found in my lay.

THE MOTHER WHO HAS A CHILD AT SEA.

THERE's an eye that looks on the swelling cloud,
Folding the moon in a funeral shroud,
That watches the stars dying one by one,
Till the whole of heaven's calm light hath gone;
There's an ear that lists to the hissing surge,
As the mourner turns to the anthem dirge.
That eye! that ear! oh, whose can they be,
But a mother's who hath a child at sea?

There's a cheek that is getting ashy white,
As the tokens of storm come on with night
There's a form that's fixed at the lattice pane,
To mark how the gloom gathers over the main,
While the yeasty billows lash the shore
With loftier sweep and hoarser roar.
That cheek! that form! oh, whose can they be,
But a mother's who hath a child at sea?

The rushing whistle chills her blood,
As the north wind hurries to scourge the flood;
And the icy shiver spreads to her heart,
As the first red lines of lightning start.

The ocean boils! All mute she stands,
With parted lips and tight-clasp'd hands:
Oh, marvel not at her fear, for she
Is a mother who hath a child at sea.

She conjures up the fearful scene
Of yawning waves, where the ship between,
With striking keel and splinter'd mast,
Is plunging hard and foundering fast.
She sees her boy, with lank drench'd hair,
Clinging on to the wreck with a cry of despair.
Oh, the vision is madd'ning! No grief can be
Like a mother's who hath a child at sea.

She presses her brow — she sinks and kneels,
Whilst the blast howls on and the thunder peals:
She breathes not a word, for her passionate prayer
Is too fervent and deep for the lips to bear;
It is pour'd in the long convulsive sigh,
In the straining glance of an upturn'd eye,
And a holier offering cannot be
Than the mother's prayer for her child at sea.

Oh! I love the winds when they spurn control,
For they suite my own bond-hating soul;
I like to hear them sweeping past,
Like the eagle's pinions, free and fast;
But a pang will rise, with sad alloy,
To soften my spirit and sink my joy,
When I think how dismal their voices must be
To a mother who hath a child at sea!

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

THERE's a magical tie to the land of our home,
Which the heart cannot break, though the footstep may roam:
Be that land where it may, at the line or the pole,
It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.
'Tis lov'd by the freeman, 'tis lov'd by the slave,
'Tis dear to the coward, more dear to the brave!
Ask of any the spot they like best on the earth,
And they'll answer with pride, "'Tis the land of my birth!"

Oh, England! thy white cliffs are dearer to me
Than all the fam'd coasts of a far foreign sea;
What em'rald can peer, or what sapphire can vie,
With the grass of thy fields, or thy summer-day sky?
They tell me of regions where flowers are found,
Whose perfume and tints spread a paradise round;
But brighter to me cannot garland the earth
Than those that spring forth in the land of my birth!

Did I breathe in a clime where the bulbul is heard,
Where the citron-tree nestles the soft humming bird,
Oh! I'd covet the notes of thy nightingale still,
And remember the robin that feeds at my sill.
Did my soul find a feast in the gay "land of song,"
In the gondolier's chaunt, or the carnival's throng,
Could I ever forget, 'mid their music and mirth,
The national strain of the land of my birth?

My country, I love thee!—though freely I'd rove
Through the western savannah, or sweet orange grove;
Yet warmly my bosom would welcome the gale
That bore me away with a homeward bound sail.
My country, I love thee!—and oh, may'st thou have
The last throb of my heart, ere 'tis cold in the grave;
May'st thou yield me that grave, in thine own daisied earth,
And my ashes repose in the land of my birth!

OH! DEAR TO MEMORY ARE THOSE HOURS.

Oh! dear to memory are those hours
When every pathway led to flowers;
When sticks of peppermint possess'd
A sceptre's power o'er the breast,
And heaven was round us while we fed
On rich ambrosial gingerbread.
I bless the days of infancy,
When, stealing from a mother's eye,
Elysian happiness was found
On that celestial field, the ground;
When we were busied, hands and hearts,
In those important things, dirt tarts.
Don't smile, for sapient, full-grown man,
Oft cogitates some mighty plan;
And, spell-bound by the bubble dream,
He labours till he proves the scheme
About as useful and as wise
As manufacturing dirt pies:

There's many a change on Folly's bells
Quite equals mud and oyster shells.

Then shone the meteor rays of youth,
Eclipsing quite the lamp of truth;
And precious those bright sunbeams were
That dried all tears, dispersed all care;
That shed a stream of golden joy,
Without one atom of alloy.
Oh! ne'er in mercy strive to chase
Such dazzling phantoms from their place!
However trifling, mean, or wild,
The deeds may seem of youth or child,
While they still leave untarnish'd soul,
The iron rod of stern control
Should be but gentle in its sway,
Nor rend the magic veil away.

I doubt if it be kind or wise
To quench the light in opening eyes,
By preaching fallacy and woe
As all that we can meet below.
I ne'er respect the ready tongue
That augurs sorrow to the young;
That aptly plays a sibyl's part,
To promise nightshade to the heart.
Let them exult! their laugh and song
Are rarely known to last too long.
Why should we strive with cynic frown
To knock their fairy castles down?
We know that much of pain and strife
Must be the common lot of life:

We know the world *is* dark and rough,
But time betrays that soon enough!

SPRING.

Welcome, all hail to thee!
Welcome, young Spring!
Thy sun-ray is bright
On the butterfly's wing.
Beauty shines forth
In the blossom-robed trees;
Perfume floats by
On the soft southern breeze.

Music, sweet music,
Sounds over the earth;
One glad choral song
Greets the primrose's birth;
The lark soars above,
With its shrill matin strain;
The shepherd boy tunes
His reed pipe on the plain.

Music, sweet music,
Cheers meadow and lea;—
In the song of the blackbird,
The hum of the bee;
The loud happy laughter
Of children at play

Proclaim how they worship
Spring's beautiful day.

The eye of the hale one,
With joy in its gleam,
Looks up in the noontide,
And steals from the beam;
But the cheek of the pale one
Is mark'd with despair,
To feel itself fading,
When all is so fair.

The hedges, luxuriant
With flowers and balm,
Are purple with violets,
And shaded with palm;
The zephyr-kiss'd grass
Is beginning to wave;
Fresh verdure is decking
The garden and grave.

Welcome! all hail to thee,
Heart-stirring May!
Thou hast won from my wild harp
A rapturous lay.
And the last dying murmur
That sleeps on the string
Is welcome! All hail to thee,
Welcome, young Spring!

SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

WHAT sound is that? 'Tis Summer's farewell,
In the breath of the night wind sighing;
The chill breeze comes, like a sorrowful dirge
That wails o'er the dead and the dying.
The sapless leaves are eddying round,
On the path which they lately shaded;
The oak of the forest is losing its robe;
The flowers have fallen and faded.
All that I look on but saddens my heart,
To think that the lovely so soon should depart.

Yet why should I sigh? Other summers will come,
Joys like the past one bringing;
Again will the vine bear its blushing fruit;
Again will the birds be singing;
The forest will put forth its "honours" again;
The rose be as sweet in its breathing;
The woodbine will climb round the lattice pane,
As wild and rich in its wreathing.
The hives will have honey, the bees will hum,
Other flowers will spring, other summers will come!

They will, they will; but ah! who can tell
Whether I may live on till their coming?
This spirit may sleep too soundly then
To wake with the warbling or humming.
This cheek, now pale, may be paler far,
When the summer sun next is glowing;

The cherishing rays may gild with light
The grass on my grave-turf growing:
The earth may be glad, but worms and gloom
May dwell with *me* in the silent tomb!

And few would weep, in the beautiful world,
For the fameless one who had left it:
Few would remember the form cut off,
And mourn the stroke that cleft it;
Many might keep my name on their lip,
Pleased while *that* name degrading;
My follies and sins alone would live,—
A theme for their cold upbraiding.
Oh! what a change in my spirit's dream
May there be ere the summer sun next shall beam.

SAILING SONG.

We have left the still earth for the billows and breeze,
'Neath the brightest of moons on the bluest of seas;
We have music, hark! hark! there's a tone o'er the deep
Like the murmuring breath of a lion asleep.
There's enough of bold dash in the rich foam that laves
Just to whisper the slumber-wrapt might of the waves;
But yet there's a sweetness about the full swell
Like the sound of the mermaid — the chords of the shell.

We have jewels. Oh! what is your casket of gems
To the pearls hanging thick on the red coral stems?

Are there homes of more light than the one where we are,
For it nestles the dolphin and mirrors the star?
We may creep, we may scud, we may rest, we may fly;
There's no check to our speed, there's no dust for our eye;
Oh! well may our spirits grow wild as the breeze,
'Neath the brightest of moons on the bluest of seas!

THE GIPSY'S TENT.

Our fire on the turf, and our tent 'neath a tree—
Carousing by moonlight, how merry are we!
Let the lord boast his castle, the baron his hall,
But the house of the gipsy is widest of all.
We may shout o'er our cups, and laugh loud as we will,
Till echo rings back from wood, welkin, and hill;
No joys seem to us like the joys that are lent
To the wanderer's life and the gipsy's tent.

Some crime and much folly may fall to our lot;
We have sins, but pray where is the one who has not?
We are rogues, arrant rogues:—yet remember! 'tis rare
We take but from those who can very well spare.
You may tell us of deeds justly branded with shame,
But if great ones heard truth you could tell them the same:
And there's many a king would have less to repent
If his throne were as pure as the gipsy's tent.

[illegible] H.A.Hardiss

Our fire on the turf, and our tent 'neath a tree
Carousing by moonlight, how merry are we.

The Gipsy's Tent.

London, Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, 1840

Pant ye for beauty? Oh, where would ye seek
Such bloom as is found on the tawny one's cheek:
Our limbs, that go bounding in freedom and health,
Are worth all your pale faces and coffers of wealth.
There are none to control us; we rest or we roam;
Our will is our law, and the world is our home:
E'en Jove would repine at *his* lot if he spent
A night of wild glee in the gipsy's tent.

THE MISER.

"To be frugal is wise;" and this lesson of truth
Should ever be preach'd in the ears of youth.
The young must be curb'd in their spendthrift haste,
Lest meagre want should follow on waste:
But to see the hand that is wither'd and old
So eagerly clutch at the shining gold—
Oh! can it be good that man should crave
The dross of the world—so nigh his grave?

Sad is the lot of those who pine
In the gloomy depths of the precious mine!
But they toil not so hard in gaining the ore
As the miser in guarding the glittering store.
He counts the coin with a feasting eye,
And trembles the while if a step come nigh:
He adds more wealth; and a fiendish trace
Of joy comes o'er his shrunken face.

He seeks the bed where he cannot rest,
Made close beside his idol chest;
He wakes with a wilder'd, haggard stare,
For he dreams a thief is busy there;
He searches around—the bolts are fast,
And the watchmen of the night go past.
His coffers are safe; but there's fear in his brain,
And the miser cannot sleep again!

He never flings the blessed mite
To fill the orphan child with delight.
The dog may howl, the widow may sigh,
He hears them not—they may starve and die.
His breast is of ice, no throbbing glow
Spreads there at the piercing tale of woe;
All torpid and cold, he lives alone
In his heaps, like the toad embedded in stone.

Death comes—but the miser's friendless bier
Is free from the sobbing mourner's tear;
Unloved, unwept, no grateful one
Will tell of the kindly deeds he'd done.
Oh! never covet the miser's fame,
'Tis a cheerless halo that circles his name;
And one fond heart that will truly grieve
Will outweigh all the gold we can leave.

THE FREE.

The wild streams leap with headlong sweep
In their curbless course o'er the mountain steep;
All fresh and strong they foam along,
Waking the rocks with their cataract song.
My eye bears a glance like the beam on a lance,
While I watch the waters dash and dance;
I burn with glee, for I love to see
The path of any thing that's free.

The skylark springs with dew on his wings,
And up in the arch of heaven he sings
Trill-la, trill-la — oh, sweeter far
Than the notes that come through a golden bar.
The joyous bay of a hound at play,
The caw of a rook on its homeward way.
Oh! these shall be the music for me,
For I love the voices of the free.

The deer starts by with his antlers high,
Proudly tossing his head to the sky;
The barb runs the plain unbroke by the rein,
With steaming nostrils and flying mane;
The clouds are stirr'd by the eaglet bird,
As the flap of its swooping pinion is heard.
Oh! these shall be the creatures for me,
For my soul was form'd to love the free.

The mariner brave, in his bark on the wave,
May laugh at the walls round a kingly slave;

And the one whose lot is the desert spot
Has no dread of an envious foe in his cot.
The thrall and state at the palace gate
Are what my spirit has learnt to hate:
Oh! the hills shall be a home for me,
For I'd leave a throne for the hut of the free.

SLEEP.

I've mourn'd the dark long night away
With bitter tears and vain regret,
Till, grief-sick, at the breaking day
I've left a pillow cold and wet.

I've risen from a restless bed,
Sad, trembling, spiritless, and weak,
With all my brow's young freshness fled,
With pallid lips and bloodless cheek.

Hard was the task for aching eyes
So long to wake, so long to weep;
But well it taught me how to prize
That precious, matchless blessing, sleep.

I've counted every chiming hour
While languishing 'neath ceaseless pain;
While fever raged with demon power,
To drink my breath and scorch my brain.

And oh! what earnest words were given!
What wild imploring prayers arose!
How eagerly I ask'd of Heaven
A few brief moments of repose!

Oh! ye who drown each passing night
In peaceful slumber, calm and deep,
Fail not to kneel at morning's light
And thank your God for health and sleep.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

LIST to the dreamy tone that dwells
In rippling wave or sighing tree;
Go, hearken to the old church bells,
The whistling bird, the whizzing bee.
Interpret right, and ye will find
'Tis "power and glory" they proclaim:
The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind,
All publish, "hallowed be thy name!"

The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,
To gain the altar of his sires;
The hermit pores above his beads,
With zeal that never wanes nor tires;
But holiest rite or longest prayer
That soul can yield or wisdom frame,
What better import can it bear
Than, "FATHER! hallowed be thy name!"

The savage kneeling to the sun,
To give his thanks or ask a boon;
The raptures of the idiot one
Who laughs to see the clear round moon;
The saint well taught in Christian lore;
The Moslem prostrate at his flame —
All worship, wonder, and adore;
All end in, "hallowed be thy name!"

Whate'er may be man's faith or creed,
Those precious words comprise it still:
We trace them on the bloomy mead,
We hear them in the flowing rill.
One chorus hails the Great Supreme;
Each varied breathing tells the same.
The strains may differ; but the *theme*
Is, "FATHER, hallowed be thy name!"

WINTER.

WE know 'tis good that old Winter should come,
Roving awhile from his Lapland home;
'Tis fitting that we should hear the sound
Of his reindeer sledge on the slippery ground:

For his wide and glittering cloak of snow
Protects the seeds of life below;
Beneath his mantle are nurtured and born
The roots of the flowers, the germs of the corn.

The whistling tone of his pure strong breath
Rides purging the vapours of pestilent death.
I love him, I say, and avow it again,
For God's wisdom and might show well in his train.

But the naked—the poor! I know they quail
With crouching limbs from the biting gale;
They pine and starve by the fireless hearth,
And weep as they gaze on the frost-bound earth.

Stand nobly forth, ye rich of the land,
With kindly heart and bounteous hand;
Remember 'tis now their season of need,
And a prayer for help is a call ye must heed.

A few of thy blessings, a tithe of thy gold,
Will save the young, and cherish the old.
'Tis a glorious task to work such good—
Do it, ye great ones! Ye can, and ye should.

He is not worthy to hold from heaven
The trust reposed, the talents given,
Who will not add to the portion that's scant,
In the pinching hours of cold and want.

Oh! listen in mercy, ye sons of wealth,
Basking in comfort and glowing with health;
Give whate'er ye can spare, and be ye sure
He serveth his Maker who aideth the poor.

THE ENGLISH SHIP BY MOONLIGHT.

The world below hath not for me
Such a fair and glorious sight
As an English ship on a rippling sea
In the clear and full moonlight.

My heart leaps high, as I fix my eye
On her dark and sweeping hull,
Laying its breast on the billowy nest,
Like the tired sleeping gull.

The masts spring up, all tall and bold,
With their heads among the stars;
The white sails gleam in the silvery beam,
Brailed up to the branching spars.

The wind just breathing to unroll
A flag that bears no stain.
Proud ship! that nee'dst no other scroll,
To warrant thy right on the main.

The sea-boy hanging on the shrouds
Chants out his fitful song,
And watches the scud of fleecy clouds
That melts as it floats along.

Oh! what is there on the sluggard land
That I love so well to mark,
In the hallow'd light of the still midnight,
As I do a dancing bark!

The ivied tower looks well in that hour
And so does an old church spire,
When the gilded vane and Gothic pane
Seem tinged with quivering fire.

The hills shine out in the mellow ray,
The love-bower gathers a charm,
And beautiful is the chequering play
On the willow's graceful arm.

But the world below holds not for me
Such a fair and glorious sight
As a brave ship floating on the sea
In the full and clear moonlight.

WATER.

Wine, wine, thy power and praise
Have ever been echoed in minstrel lays;
But water, I deem, hath a mightier claim
To fill up a niche in the temple of Fame.
Ye who are bred in Anacreon's school
May sneer at my strain as the song of a fool:
Ye are wise, no doubt, but have yet to learn
How the tongue can cleave and the veins can burn.

Should ye ever be one of a fainting band,
With your brow to the sun and your feet to the sand,
I would wager the thing I'm most loath to spare
That your bacchanal chorus would never ring there:

Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell
What treasures exist in the cold deep well;
Sink in despair on the red parched earth,
And then ye may reckon what water is worth.

Famine is laying her hand of bone
On the ship becalm'd in a torrid zone;
The gnawing of hunger's worm is past,
But fiery thirst lives on to the last.
The stoutest one of the gallant crew
Hath a cheek and lips of ghastly hue;
The hot blood stands in each glassy eye,
And, "Water, oh God!" is the only cry.

There's drought in the land, and the herbage is dead,
No ripple is heard in the streamlet's bed;
The herd's low bleat and the sick man's pant
Are mournfully telling the boon we want.
Let Heaven this one rich gift withhold,
How soon we find it is better than gold;
And water, I say, hath a right to claim
The minstrel's song and a tithe of fame.

SNOW.

Brave Winter and I shall ever agree,
Though a stern and frowning gaffer is he.
I like to hear him, with hail and rain,
Come tapping against the window pane;

I joy to see him come marching forth
Begirt with the icicle gems of the north;
But I like him best when he comes bedight
In his velvet robes of stainless white.

A cheer for the snow—the drifting snow!
Smoother and purer than beauty's brow!
The creature of thought scarce likes to tread
On the delicate carpet so richly spread.
With feathery wreaths the forest is bound,
And the hills are with glittering diadems crown'd;
'Tis the fairest scene we can have below.
Sing, welcome, then, to the drifting snow!

The urchins gaze with eloquent eye
To see the flakes go dancing by.
In the thick of the storm how happy are they
To welcome the first deep snowy day;
Shouting and pelting—what bliss to fall
Half-smother'd beneath the well-aim'd ball!
Men of fourscore, did ye ever know
Such sport as ye had in the drifting snow?

I'm true to my theme, for I loved it well.
When the gossiping nurse would sit and tell
The tale of the geese—though hardly believed—
I doubted and question'd the words that deceived.
I rejoice in it still, and love to see
The ermine mantle on tower and tree.
'Tis the fairest scene we can have below.
Hurrah! then, hurrah! for the drifting snow!

OLD DOBBIN.

HERE's a song for old Dobbin, whose temper and worth
Are too rare to be spurn'd on the score of his birth.
He's a creature of trust, and what more should we heed?
'Tis deeds and not blood make the man and the steed.

He was bred in the forest, and turn'd on the plain,
Where the thistle-burs clung to his fetlocks and mane.
All ugly and rough, not a soul could espy
The spark of good humour that dwelt in his eye.

The summer had waned, and the autumn months roll'd
Into those of stern winter, all dreary and cold;
But the north wind might whistle, the snow-flake might dance,
The colt of the common was left to his chance.

Half starved and half frozen, the hail-storm would pelt,
Till his shivering limbs told the pangs that he felt;
But we pitied the brute, and, though laughed at by all,
We fill'd him a manger and gave him a stall.

He was fond as a spaniel, and soon he became
The pride of the herd-boy, the pet of the dame.
You may judge of his fame, when his price was a crown;
But we christen'd him Dobbin, and call'd him our own.

He grew out of colthood, and, lo! what a change!
The knowing ones said it was mortally strange;

For the foal of the forest, the colt of the waste,
Attracted the notice of jockeys of taste.

The line of his symmetry was not exact;
But his paces were clever, his mould was compact;
And his shaggy thick coat now appear'd with a gloss,
Shining out like the gold that's been purged of its dross.

We broke him for service, and tamely he wore
Girth and rein, seeming proud of the thraldom he bore;
Every farm has a steed for all work and all hours,
And Dobbin, the sturdy bay pony, was ours.

He carried the master to barter his grain,
And ever return'd with him safely again:
There was merit in that, for, deny it who may,
When the master could *not,* Dobbin *could* find his way.

The dairy-maid ventured her eggs on his back:
'Twas him, and him only, she'd trust with the pack.
The team horses jolted, the roadster play'd pranks,
So Dobbin alone had her faith and her thanks.

We fun-loving urchins would group by his side;
We might fearlessly mount him, and daringly ride;
We might creep through his legs, we might plait his long tail;
But his temper and patience were ne'er known to fail.

We would brush his bright hide till 'twas free from a speck;
We kiss'd his brown muzzle, and hugg'd his thick neck;

Oh! we prized him like life, and a heart-breaking sob
Ever burst when they threaten'd to sell our dear Dob.

He stood to the collar, and tugg'd up the hill,
With the pigs to the market, the grist to the mill;
With saddle or halter, in shaft or in trace,
He was stanch to his work, and content with his place.

When the hot sun was crowning the toil of the year,
He was sent to the reapers with ale and good cheer;
And none in the corn-field more welcome was seen
Than Dob and his well-laden panniers, I ween.

Oh! those days of pure bliss shall I ever forget,
When we deck'd out his head with the azure rosette;
All frantic with joy to be off to the fair,
With Dobbin, good Dobbin, to carry us there?

He was dear to us all, ay, for many long years;
But, mercy! how's this? my eye's filling with tears.
Oh! how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When Memory plays an old tune on the heart.

There are drops on my cheek, there's a throb in my breast,
But my song shall not cease, nor my pen take its rest,
Till I tell that old Dobbin still lives to be seen,
With his oats in the stable, his tares on the green.

His best years have gone by, and the master who gave
The stern yoke to his youth has enfranchised the slave.
So browse on, my old Dobbin, nor dream of the knife,
For the wealth of a king should not purchase thy life.

THE QUIET EYE.

The orb I like is not the one
That dazzles with its lightning gleam,
That dares to look upon the sun
As though it challenged brighter beam.
That orb may sparkle, flash, and roll;
Its fire may blaze, its shaft may fly;
But not for me: I prize the soul
That slumbers in a quiet eye.

There's something in its placid shade
That tells of calm unworldly thought;
Hope may be crown'd, or joy delay'd—
No dimness steals, no ray is caught:
Its pensive language seems to say,
"I know that I must close and die;"
And death itself, come when it may,
Can hardly change the quiet eye.

There's meaning in its steady glance,
Of gentle blame or praising love,
That makes me tremble to advance
A word that meaning might reprove.
The haughty threat, the fiery look,
My spirit proudly can defy;
But never yet could meet and brook
The upbraiding of a quiet eye.

There's firmness in its even light,
That augurs of a breast sincere;

And, oh! take watch how ye excite
That firmness till it yield a tear.
Some bosoms give an easy sigh,
Some drops of grief will freely start;
But that which sears the quiet eye
Hath its deep fountain in the heart.

THE OLD FARM-GATE.

Where, where is the gate that once served to divide
The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road-side?
I like not this barrier gaily bedight,
With its glittering latch and its trellis of white.
It is seemly, I own — yet, oh! dearer by far
Was the red-rusted hinge and the weather-warp'd bar.
Here are fashion and form of a modernized date,
But I'd rather have look'd on the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the urchins would gather to play
In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day;
For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks of sand,
Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand.
But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride;
And the car of the victor or carriage of state
Never carried such hearts as the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,
When the moon was above and the glow-worms below;

J. Mulliner, del.

H. Adlard, sc.

When Dobbin was saddled for mirth making trip

And the quickly pull'd willow branch served for a whip

The Old Farm Gate

London, Charles Tilt, Fleet Street

Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,
While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs grew
quick.

Why, why did he linger so restlessly there,
With church-going vestment and sprucely comb'd hair?
He loved, oh! he loved, and had promised to wait
For the one he adored, at the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the grey-headed gossips would meet;
And the falling of markets, or goodness of wheat—
This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought—
Were favourite themes for discussion and thought.
The merits and faults of a neighbour just dead—
The hopes of a couple about to be wed—
The Parliament doings—the bill and debate—
Were all canvassed and weighed at the old farm-gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound
With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound.
The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim,
But none could leap over that postern like him.
When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,
And the quickly-pull'd willow-branch served for a whip,
Spite of lugging and tugging he'd stand for his freight,
While I climbed on his back from the old farm-gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure and fame
May come winging our moments and gilding our name;
But give me the joy and the freshness of mind,
When, away on some sport—the old gate slamm'd behind—
I've listened to music, but none that could speak
In such tones to my heart as the teeth-setting creak

That broke on my ear when the night had worn late,
And the dear ones came home through the old farm-gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place,
But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace.
I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp,
And the rails that my growing hand scarcely could clasp.
Oh! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part
With the commonest relic once linked to the heart;
And the brightest of fortune — the kindliest fate —
Would not banish my love for the old farm-gate.

STANZAS.

Thou hast left us long, my mother dear;
Time's sweeping tide has run,
But fail'd to wash away the tear
From the eye of thy youngest one.
The heart so closely knit to thine,
That held thee as its all,
Adored too fondly to resign
Its love with the coffin and pall.

Thou art lost to these arms, my mother dear,
But they crave to enfold thee still;
And thy spirit may find those arms entwin'd
Round the gravestone, damp and chill.

The reptile thing thy lips may greet,
The shroud enwraps thy form,
But I covet the place of thy winding sheet,
And am jealous of the worm.

Thou hast fled from my gaze, my mother dear,
But sleep is a holy boon,
For its happy visions brings thee near:
Ah! why do they break so soon?
I look around when voices ring
Where thine once used to be;
And deep are the secret pangs that wring,
For my eye still asks for thee.

Oh! I worship thee yet, my mother dear,
Though my idol is buried in gloom:
I cannot pour my love in thine ear,
But I breathe it o'er thy tomb.
Death came to prove if that love would hold
When the sharpest ordeal tried;
But it pass'd like the flame that tests the gold,
And hath only purified!

THE GALLANT ENGLISH TAR.

There's one whose fearless courage yet has never fail'd in fight,
Who guards with zeal our country's weal, our freedom, and our right;

But though his strong and ready arm spreads havoc in its blow,
Cry "Quarter!" and that arm will be the first to spare its foe.
He recks not though proud glory's shout may be the knell of death,
The triumph won, without a sigh he yields his parting breath.
He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast! "In peace, my boys, or war,
Here's to the brave upon the wave, the gallant English tar."

Let but the sons of want come nigh, and tell their tale to him,
He'll chide their eyes for weeping, while his own are growing dim.
"Cheer up," he cries, "we all must meet the storm as well as calm;"
But, turning on his heel, Jack slips the guineas in their palm.
He'll hear no long oration, but tell you every man
Is born to act a brother's part, and do what good he can.
He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast! "In peace, my boys, or war,
Here's to the brave upon the wave, the gallant English tar."

The dark blue jacket that enfolds the sailor's manly breast
Bears more of real honour than the star and ermine vest.

The tithe of folly in his head may wake the landsman's mirth,
But nature proudly owns him as her child of sterling worth.
His heart is warm, his hand is true, his word is frank and free;
And though he plays the ass on shore, he's lion of the sea.
He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast! "In peace, my boys, or war,
Here's to the brave upon the wave, the gallant English tar."

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

I NEVER see a young hand hold
The starry bunch of white and gold,
But something warm and fresh will start
About the region of my heart.
My smile expires into a sigh;
I feel a struggling in the eye,
'Twixt humid drop and sparkling ray,
Till rolling tears have won their way;
For soul and brain will travel back
Through memory's chequer'd mazes,
To days when I but trod life's track
For buttercups and daisies.

Tell me, ye men of wisdom rare,
Of sober speech and silver hair,

Who carry counsel, wise and sage,
With all the gravity of age;
Oh! say, do ye not like to hear
The accents ringing in your ear,
When sportive urchins laugh and shout,
Tossing those precious flowers about,
Springing with bold and gleesome bound,
  Proclaiming joy that crazes,
And chorusing the magic sound
  Of buttercups and daisies?

Are there, I ask, beneath the sky
Blossoms that knit so strong a tie
With childhood's love? Can any please
Or light the infant eye like these?
No, no; there's not a bud on earth,
Of richest tint or warmest birth,
Can ever fling such zeal and zest
Into the tiny hand and breast.
Who does not recollect the hours
  When burning words and praises
Were lavish'd on those shining flowers,
  Buttercups and daisies?

There seems a bright and fairy spell
About their very names to dwell;
And though old Time has mark'd my brow
With care and thought, I love them now.
Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings
Are closest link'd to simplest things;
And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,
Till love, and life, and all be past;

And then the only wish I have
Is, that the one who raises
The turf-sod o'er me plant my grave
With buttercups and daisies.

THE IDIOT BORN.

"Out, thou silly moon-struck elf;
Back, poor fool, and hide thyself!"
This is what the wise ones say,
Should the idiot cross their way:
But if we would closely mark,
We should see him not *all* dark;
We should find we must not scorn
The teaching of the idiot-born.

He will screen the newt and frog;
He will cheer the famish'd dog;
He will seek to share his bread
With the orphan, parish fed;
He will offer up his seat
To the stranger's wearied feet.
Selfish tyrants, do not scorn
The teaching of the idiot-born.

Use him fairly, he will prove
How the simple breast can love;
He will spring with infant glee
To the form he likes to see.

Gentle speech or kindness done
Truly binds the witless one.
Heartless traitors, do not scorn
The teaching of the idiot-born.

He will point with vacant stare
At the robes proud churchmen wear;
But he'll pluck the rose, and tell
God hath painted it right well.
He will kneel before his food,
Softly saying, "God is good."
Haughty prelates, do not scorn
The teaching of the idiot-born.

Art thou great as man can be?—
The same hand moulded him and thee.
Hast thou talent?—Taunt and jeer
Must not fall upon his ear.
Spurn him not; the blemish'd part
Had better be the head than heart.
Thou wilt be the fool to scorn
The teaching of the idiot-born.

THE WATERS.

WHAT was it that I loved so well about my childhood's home?
It was the wide and wave-lash'd shore, the black rocks, crown'd with foam!

It was the sea-gull's flapping wing, all trackless in its flight,
Its screaming note that welcomed on the fierce and stormy night!
The wild heath had its flowers and moss, the forest had its trees,
Which, bending to the evening wind, made music in the breeze.
But earth, ha! ha! I laugh e'en now, earth had no charms for *me;*
No scene half bright enough to win my young heart from the sea!
No! 'twas the ocean, vast and deep, the fathomless, the free!
The mighty, rushing waters that were ever dear to me!

My earliest steps would wander from the green and fertile land,
Down where the clear blue ocean roll'd, to pace the rugged strand;
I'd proudly fling the proffer'd bribe and gilded toy away,
To gather up the salt sea weeds, or dabble in the spray!
I shouted to the distant crew, or launch'd my mimic bark;
I met the morning's freshness there, and linger'd till the dark;
When dark, I climb'd, with bounding step, the steep and jutting cliff,
To see them trim the beacon light, to guide the fisher's skiff!
Oh! how I loved the waters, and even long'd to be
A bird, or boat, or any thing that dwelt upon the sea!

The moon! the moon! oh, tell me, do ye love her placid ray?
Do ye love the shining starry train that gathers round her way?
Oh, if ye do, go watch her when she climbs above the main,
While her full transcript lives below, upon the crystal plain!
While her soft light serenely falls, and rising billows seem
Like sheets of silver spreading forth to meet her hallow'd beam!
Look! and thy soul will own the spell; thou'lt feel as I have felt,
Thou'lt love the waves as I have lov'd, and kneel as I have knelt!
And, well I know, the prayer of saint, or martyr, ne'er could be
More grateful to a God than mine, beside the moon-lit sea!

I lik'd not those who nurtured me; they gave my bosom pain;
They strove to fix their shackles on a soul that spurned the chain!
I grew rebellious to their hope, disdainful of their care;
And all they dreaded most my spirit lov'd the most to dare!
And am I changed? have I become a tame and fashion'd thing?
Have I yet learn'd to sing the joys that pleasure's minions sing?

Is there a smile upon my brow, when mixed with folly's crowd?
Is the false whisper dearer than the storm wail, shrill and loud?
No! no! my soul is as it was, and as it e'er will be—
Loving, and wild as what it loves, the curbless, mighty sea!

THE STAR OF GLENGARY.

The red moon is up, o'er the moss cover'd mountain,
The hour is at hand when I promis'd to rove
With the turf-cutter's daughter, by Logan's bright water,
And tell her how truly her Donald can love!
I ken, there's the miller, wi' plenty o' siller,
Would fain win a glance from her beautiful 'ee;
But my ain bonnie Mary, the star of Glengary!
Keeps a' her sweet smiles, and saft kisses, for me!

'Tis lang sin' we first trod the Highlands togither,
Twa frolicsome bairns, gaily starting the deer;
When I ca'd her my life! my ain, bonnie, wee wife!
And ne'er knew sic joy as when Mary was near;
And still she's the blossom I wear in my bosom,
A blossom I'll cherish, and wear 'till I dee!
For my ain bonnie Mary! the star of Glengary!
She's health, and she's wealth, and she's a' good to me!

THE POET.

Look on the sky, all broad and fair;
Sons of the earth, what see ye there?
The rolling clouds to feast thine eye
With golden burnish and Tyrian dye;
The rainbow's arch, the sun of noon,
The stars of eve, the midnight moon:
These, these to the coldest gaze are bright,
They are marked by all for their glory and light;
But their colour and rays shed a richer beam
As they shine to illumine the poet's dream.

Children of pleasure, how ye dote
On the dulcet harp and tuneful note —
Holding your breath to drink the strain,
Till throbbing joy dissolves in pain.
There's not a spell aught else can fling
Like the warbling voice and the silver string;
But a music to other ears unknown,
Of deeper thrill and sweeter tone,
Comes in the wild and gurgling stream
To the poet rapt in his blissful dream.

The earth may have its buried stores
Of lustrous jewels and coveted ores;
Ye may gather hence the marble stone
To house a monarch or wall a throne;
Its gold may fill the grasping hand,
Its gems may flash in the sceptre wand;

But purer treasures and dearer things
Than the coins of misers or trappings of kings —
Gifts and hoards of a choicer kind
Are garner'd up in the poet's mind.

The mother so loves that the world holds none
To match with her own fair lisping one;
The wedded youth will nurture his bride
With all the fervour of passion and pride;
Hands will press and beings blend
Till the kindliest ties knit friend to friend.
Oh! the hearts of the many can truly burn,
They can fondly cherish and closely yearn;
But the flame of love is more vivid and strong
That kindles within a child of song.

Life hath much of grief and pain
To sicken the breast and tire the brain;
All brows are shaded by sorrow's cloud,
All eyes are dimm'd, all spirits bow'd;
Sighs will break from the careworn breast,
Till death is asked as a pillow of rest;
But the gifted one, oh! who can tell
How his pulses beat and his heart's strings swell.
His secret pangs, *his* throbbing woe
None but himself and his God can know.

Crowds may join in the festive crew,
Their hours may be glad and their pleasures true;
They may gaily carouse, and fondly believe
There's no greater bliss for the soul to receive.

But ask the poet if he will give
His exquisite moments like them to live;
And the scornful smile on his lips will play,
His eye will flash with exulting ray —
For he knows and feels to him is given
The joys that yield a glimpse of heaven.

Oh! there's something holy about each spot
Where the weary sleep and strife comes not;
And the good and great ones pass'd away
Have worshippers still o'er their soulless clay;
But the dust of the bard is most hallow'd and dear,
'Tis moisten'd and blest by the warmest tear.
The prayers of the worthiest breathe his name,
Mourning his loss and guarding his fame;
And the truest homage the dead can have
Is rendered up at the poet's grave.

THE GIPSY CHILD.

He sprung to life in a crazy tent,
Where the cold wind whistled through many a rent;
Rude was the voice, and rough were the hands
That sooth'd his wailings and swathed his bands.
No tissue of gold, no lawn was there,
No snowy robe for the new-born heir;
But the mother wept, and the father smiled
With heartfelt joy o'er their gipsy child.

He grows like the young oak, healthy and broad,
With no home but the forest, no bed but the sward;
Half naked, he wades in the limpid stream,
Or dances about in the scorching beam.
The dazzling glare of the banquet sheen
Hath never fallen on him, I ween;
But fragments are spread and the wood-fire piled,
And sweet is the meal of the gipsy child.

He wanders at large, while maidens admire
His raven hair and his eyes of fire;
They mark his cheek's rich tawny hue,
With the deep carnation flushing through:
He laughs aloud, and they covet his teeth,
All pure and white as their own pearl wreath;
And the courtly dame and damsel mild
Will turn to gaze on the gipsy child.

Up with the sun, he is roving along,
Whistling to mimic the blackbird's song;
He wanders at nightfall to startle the owl,
And is baying again to the watch-dog's howl.
His limbs are unshackled, his spirit is bold,
He is free from the evils of fashion and gold;
His dower is scant and his life is wild,
But kings might envy the gipsy child.

THE SONG OF MARION.

" She sat down again to look, but her eyes were blinded with tears; and, in a voice interrupted by sighs, she exclaimed—' Not yet, not yet. Oh, my Wallace, what evil hath betided thee?'"—SCOTTISH CHIEFS.

NOT yet, not yet. I thought I saw
The foldings of his plaid.
Alas! 'twas but the mountain pine,
That cast a fitful shade.
The moon is o'er the highest crag,
It gilds each tower and tree,
But Wallace comes not back to bless
The hearts in Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. Is that his plume
I see beneath the hill?
Ah, no! 'tis but the waving fern:
The heath is lonely still.
Dear Wallace, day-star of my soul,
Thy Marion weeps for thee;
She fears lest evil should betide
The guard of Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. I heard a sound,
A distant crashing din;
'Tis but the night-breeze bearing on
The roar of Corie Lin.
The grey-hair'd harper cannot rest,
He keeps his watch with me;
He kneels—he prays that God may shield
The laird of Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. My heart will break:
Where can the brave one stay?
I know 'tis not his own free will
That keeps him thus away.
The lion may forsake his lair,
The dove its nest may flee,
But Wallace loves too well to leave
His bride and Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. The moon goes down,
And Wallace is not here;
And still his sleuth-hound howls, and still
I shed the burning tear.
Oh, come my Wallace, quickly come,
As ever, safe and free:
Come, or thy Marion soon will find
A grave in Ellerslie!

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

Whom do we dub as gentlemen? The knave, the fool, the brute —
If they but own full tithe of gold and wear a courtly suit!
The parchment scroll of titled line, the ribband at the knee,
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree:

But nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth *her* nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn;
She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
And cries exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like mine?"

She may not spend her common skill about the outward part,
But showers beauty, grace, and light, upon the brain and heart;
She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to illume —
The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist and gloom.
Should fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold abound,
He shares it with a bounteous hand and scatters blessings round.
The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end designed,
When held by nature's gentleman, the good, the just, the kind.

He [illegible]s not from the cheerless home, where sorrow's [illegible]ings dwell;
He [illegible]eet the peasant in his hut — the culprit in his cell.
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love,
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above.

The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless, or the poor,
Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door;
His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe —
An honest name his jewell'd star, and truth his ermine robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control —
His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul.
He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,
But will not love the revel scene, or head the brawling strife.
He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honied tongue;
He's social with the grey-hair'd one and merry with the young;
He gravely shares the council speech or joins the rustic game,
And shines as nature's gentleman, in every place the same.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word,
No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard;
He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn, or teach,
With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candour in his speech.

He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each deed;
He would not blame another's faith nor have one martyr bleed;
Justice and mercy form his code; he puts his trust in Heaven;
His prayer is, "If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven!"

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are,
Each shining in his hallow'd sphere as virtue's polar star.
Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt, and dark,
Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn; lit by Promethean spark,
There are some spirits nobly just, unwarp'd by pelf or pride.
Great in the calm, but greater still when dash'd by adverse tide,—
They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace,
Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must give place.

NORAH M'SHANE.

I've left Ballymornach a long way behind me;
To better my fortune I've cross'd the big sea;
But I'm sadly alone, not a creature to mind me,
And, faith! I'm as wretched as wretched can be.
I think of the buttermilk, fresh as a daisy,
The beautiful hills and the emerald plain;—
And oh! don't I oftentimes think myself crazy,
About that young black-eyed rogue, Norah M'Shane.

I sigh for the turf-pile, so cheerfully burning,
When barefoot I trudg'd it from toiling afar;
When I toss'd in the light the thirteen I'd been earning,
And whistled the anthem of "Erin go bragh."
In truth, I believe that I'm half broken-hearted;
To my country and love I must get back again;
For I've never been happy at all since I parted
From sweet Ballymornach and Norah M'Shane.

Oh! there's something so dear in the cot I was born in,
Though the walls are but mud and the roof is but thatch;
How familiar the grunt of the pigs in the morning,
What music in lifting the rusty old latch!
'Tis true I'd no money, but then I'd no sorrow;
My pockets were light, but my heart had no pain;
And, if I but live till the sun shines to-morrow,
I'll be off to old Ireland and Norah M'Shane.

TRUTH.

'Tis passing sad to note the face
Where haggard grief has taken its place,
Where the soul's keen anguish can but speak
In the glistening lash and averted cheek —
When the restless orbs with struggling pride
Swell with the tears they fain would hide,
Till the pouring drops and heaving throbs
Burst forth in strong impassioned sobs.

'Tis fearful to mark where passion reigns,
With gnashing teeth and starting veins;
When the redden'd eyeballs flash and glare
With dancing flame in their maniac stare;
When Fury sits on the gather'd brow
With quivering muscle and fiery glow:
'Tis fearful indeed just then to scan
The lineaments of God-like man.

'Tis sad to gaze on the forehead fair,
And mark the work of suffering there;
When the oozing pain-wrung moisture drips,
And whiteness dwells round the parted lips;
When the breath on those lips is so short and faint
That it falters in yielding the lowest plaint:
Who does not sigh to read such tale
On cheeks all shadowy and pale?

But have ye watch'd the mien that bore
A look to be fear'd and pitied more—
Have ye seen the crimson torrent steal
O'er the one who has erred, and yet can *feel*—
When the stammering speech and downcast eye
Quail'd from the mean detected lie?
Have ye marked the conscious spirit proclaim
Its torture 'neath the brand of shame?

Oh! this to me is the look which hath
More hideous seeming than honest wrath.
Let pain distort with its harrowing might,
Or sorrow rob the glance of its light.
Yet the pallid chill or the fever'd flush
Sears less than falsehood's scathing blush.
Nay, look on the brow; 'tis better to trace
The lines of death than the shade of disgrace.

THE POET'S WREATH.

Jove said, one day, he should like to know
What would part the child of song from his lyre;
And he summon'd his minions, and bade them go,
With all their bribes and powers, below,
Nor return till they wrought his desire.

The agents departed—Jove's will must be done;
They vow'd to perform the deed full soon:
Vainly they search'd in the crowd and the sun,
But at last they found a high-soul'd one,
Alone with his harp and the moon.

Fortune first tempted: she scatter'd her gold,
And placed on his temples a gem-bright rim;
But he scarcely glanced on the wealth as it roll'd;
He said the circlet was heavy and cold,
And only a burden to him.

Venus came next, and she whisper'd rare things,
And praised him for scorning the bauble and pelf;
She promised him Peris, in all but the wings;
But he laugh'd, and told her, with those soft strings
He could win such creatures himself.

Oppression and Poverty tried their spell,
Nigh sure he would quail at such stern behest.
His pittance was scant, in a dark dank cell,
Where the foam-spitting toad would not choose to dwell;
But he still hugg'd the harp to his breast.

They debated what effort the next should be,
When Death strode forth with his ponderous dart;
He held it aloft—"Ye should know," cried he,
"This work can only be done by me;
So, at once, my barb to his heart!"

It struck: but the last faint flash of his eye
Was thrown on the lyre as it fell from his hand:
The trophy was seized and they sped to the sky,
Where the Thunderer flamed in his throne on high,
And told how they did his command.

Jove heard, and he scowl'd with a gloomier frown—
'Twas the cloud Pride lends to keep Sorrow unseen;

He put by his sceptre and flung his bolt down,
And snatch'd from the glory that haloed his crown
The rays of most burning sheen.

He hasten'd to earth, by the minstrel he knelt,
And fashion'd the beams round his brow in a wreath:
He ordain'd it immortal, to dazzle, to melt;
And a portion of godhead since then has still dwelt
On the Poet that slumbers in death.

THE SEXTON.

"Mine is the fame most blazon'd of all;
Mine is the goodliest trade;
Never was banner so wide as the pall,
Nor sceptre so fear'd as the spade."

This is the lay of the sexton grey—
King of the churchyard he—
While the mournful knell of the tolling bell
Chimes in with his burden of glee.

He dons a doublet of sober brown,
And a hat of slouching felt;
The mattock is over his shoulder thrown,
The heavy keys clank at his belt.

The dark damp vault now echoes his tread,
While his song rings merrily out;

With a cobweb canopy over his head,
And coffins falling about.

His foot may crush the full-fed worms,
His hand may grasp a shroud,
His gaze may rest on skeleton forms,
Yet his tones are light and loud.

He digs the grave, and his chaunt will break
As he gains a fathom deep—
"Whoever lies in the bed I make
I warrant will soundly sleep."

He piles the sod, he raises the stone,
He clips the cypress tree;
But whate'er his task, 'tis plied alone—
No fellowship holds he.

For the sexton grey is a scaring loon—
His name is link'd with death.
The children at play, should he cross their way,
Will pause with fluttering breath.

They herd together, a frighten'd host,
And whisper with lips all white,—
"See, see, 'tis he, that sends the ghost
To walk the world at night."

The old men mark him, with fear in their eye,
At his labour 'mid skulls and dust;
They hear him chaunt, "The young *may* die,
But we know the aged *must*."

The rich will frown, as his ditty goes on—
" Though broad your lands may be,
Six narrow feet to the beggar I mete,
And the same shall serve for ye."

The ear of the strong will turn from his song,
And Beauty's cheek will pale;
" Out, out," cry they, " what creature would stay,
To list thy croaking tale!"

Oh! the sexton grey is a mortal of dread;
None like to see him come near;
The orphan thinks on a father dead,
The widow wipes a tear.

All shudder to hear his bright axe chink,
Upturning the hollow bone;
No mate will share his toil or his fare,
He works, he carouses alone.

By night, or by day, this, this is his lay:
" Mine is the goodliest trade;
Never was banner so wide as the pall,
Nor sceptre so fear'd as the spade."

GALLA BRAE.

O, TELL me did ye ever see
Sweet Galla on a simmer night,

When ilka star had ope'd its e'e,
An' tipp'd the broom wi' saft pale light?
Ye'd never gang toward the town,
Ye wadna like the flauntie day,
If ance ye saw the moon blink down
Her bonnie beams on Galla Brae.

A' silent, save the wimpling tune,
The win's asleep, nae leaflet stirs;
O' gie me Galla 'neath the moon,
Its siller birk an' goudon furze.
There's monie anither leesome glen;
But let 'em talk o' wilk they may,
O' a' the rigs an' shaws I ken
There's nane sae fair as Galla Brae.

I crept a wee thing on its sod,
A laughing laddie there I stray'd;
I roved beside it's burnie's tide
In morning air an' gloaming shade:
Its gowan's were the first I pu'd,
An' still my leal heart loves it sae
That when I dee nae grave would be
Sic hallow'd earth as Galla Brae.

THE CLOUDS.

Beautiful clouds! I have watch'd ye long,
Fickle and bright as a fairy throng;

Now ye have gather'd golden beams,
Now ye are parting in silver streams,
Now ye are tinged with a roseate blush,
Deepening fast to a crimson flush;
Now, like aerial sprites at play,
Ye are lightly dancing another way;
Melting in many a pearly flake,
Like the cygnet's down on the azure lake;
Now ye gather again, and run
To bask in the blaze of a setting sun;
And anon ye serve as Zephyr's car,
Flitting before the evening star.

Now ye ride in mighty form,
With the arms of a giant, to nurse the storm;
Ye grasp the lightning, and fling it on earth,
All flashing and wild as a maniac's mirth;
Ye cavern the thunder, and bravely it roars,
While the forest groans, and the avalanche pours;
Ye launch the torrent with headlong force,
Till the rivers hiss in their boiling course;
Ye come, and your trophies are scatter'd around
In the wreck on the waters, the oak on the ground.

Oh! where is eye that doth not love
The glorious phantoms that glide above?
That hath not look'd on the realms of air
With wondering soul and bursting prayer!
Oh! where is the spirit that hath not bow'd
To its God at the shrine of a passing cloud?

HANG UP HIS HARP; HE'LL WAKE NO MORE!

His young bride stood beside his bed,
Her weeping watch to keep;
Hush! hush! he stirr'd not—was he dead,
Or did he only sleep?

His brow was calm, no change was there,
No sigh had fill'd his breath;
Oh! did he wear that smile so fair
In slumber or in death?

"Reach down his harp," she wildly cried,
"And if one spark remain,
Let him but hear 'Loch Erroch's side;'
He'll kindle at the strain.

"That tune e'er held his soul in thrall;
It never breathed in vain;
He'll waken as its echoes fall,
Or never wake again."

The strings were swept; 'twas sad to hear
Sweet music floating there;
For every note call'd forth a tear
Of anguish and despair.

"See! see!" she cried, "the tune is o'er,
No opening eye, no breath;
Hang up his harp; he'll wake no more;
He sleeps the sleep of death."

Hang up his harp he'll wake no more

He sleeps the sleep of death.

Hang up his Harp.

London Chaulers Tilt, Fleet Street.

VENETIAN SERENADE.

Oh! linger not, love; for the beams of the moon
Are lighting our path o'er the glassy lagoon;
The yellow sand sparkles like gold on the shore;
And ripples of silver are laving my oar.

Night reigns o'er the world with her gem-crested brow,
And mirrors her stars in the waters below;
The air is delicious, with spice-breathing flowers,
That pour forth their odours from fairy-wrought bowers.

'Tis just such an hour when, with those whom we love,
The soul might forget there's a heaven above;
In a moment so precious, so blissfully dear,
The wrapt spirit might fancy that heaven was here.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

There's a land that bears a world-known name,
Though it is but a little spot;
I say 'tis first on the scroll of fame,
And who shall aver it is not.
Of the deathless ones who shine and live
In arms, in arts, or song,

The brightest the whole wide world can give
To that little land belong.
'Tis the star of earth, deny it who can,
The island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where;
And to treat that flag as aught but the free
Is more than the strongest dare.
For the lion spirits that tread the deck
Have carried the palm of the brave;
And that flag *may* sink with a shot-torn wreck,
But never float over a slave.
Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
And this is the flag of an Englishman.

There's a heart that leaps with burning glow
The wrong'd and the weak to defend;
And strikes as soon for a trampled foe
As it does for a soul-bound friend.
It nurtures a deep and honest love,
The passions of faith and pride,
And yearns with the fondness of a dove
To the light of its own fire-side.
'Tis a rich rough gem, deny it who can,
And this is the heart of an Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone,
And boldly claim his right;
For he calls such a vast domain his own
That the sun never sets on his might.

Let the haughty stranger seek to know
The place of his home and birth;
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow
While he tells his native earth.
For a glorious charter, deny it who can,
Is breathed in the words "I'm an Englishman."

TO A FAVOURITE PONY.

Come, hie thee on, my gentle Gyp;
Thy rider bears nor spur nor whip,
But smooths thy jetty, shining mane,
And loosely flings the bridle rein.

The sun is down behind the hill,
The noise is hush'd about the mill,
The gabbling geese and ducks forsake
Their sports upon the glassy lake,
The herd boy folds his bleating charge,
The watch dog, chainless, roves at large,
The bees are gather'd in the hive,
The evening flowers their perfumes give.
On, on, my gentle Gyp! but stay;
Say, whither shall we bend our way?
Down to the school-house, where the boys
Greet us with rude caressing noise;
Where urchins leave their balls and bats,
To stroke thy neck with fondling pats;

Where laughing girls bring oats and hay,
And coax thy ears; well knowing they
Can sport right fearlessly and free
With such a gentle brute as thee?

Or shall we take the sandy road
Towards the wealthy squire's abode?
Where the lodge gate, so wide and high,
Swings nobly back for you and I;
I'll warrant me, that gate thou'dst find,
Though reinless, riderless, and blind.

Thou'rt restless, Gyp; come start and go;—
You take the hill; well, be it so—
The squire's abode, I plainly see,
Has equal charms for you and me.
'Tis there thou art allowed to pick
The corners of the clover rick;
'Tis there, by lady's hand thou'rt fed
On pulpy fruit, and finest bread.
The squire himself declares thou art
The prettiest pony round the part:
Nor black, nor chesnut, roan, nor grey,
Can match with thy rich glossy bay.
He says, thy neck's proud curving line
The artist's pencil might define;
With blood and spirit, yet so mild,—
A fitting plaything for a child;
So meekly docile, thou'rt indeed
More like a pet lamb than a steed;
That when thou'rt gone, St. Leonard's plain
Will never see thy like again!

He says all this! No wonder, then,
I think the squire the best of men:
For they who praise thy form and paces
Are sure to get in my good graces.

The squire tells truth; to say the least,
Thou really art a clever beast;
A better one, take altogether,
Ne'er look'd from out a hempen tether:
And oft I hope, thou'lt ne'er be having
The plague of glander, gall, or spavin.
Full many a mile thou'st borne me, Gyp,
Without a stumble, shy, or slip;
Excepting, when that deep morass,
All overgrown with weeds and grass,
Betray'd us to a headlong tumble,
And made me feel a little humble;
But on we went, though well bespatter'd,
Thy knees uncut, *my* bones unshatter'd!

My gentle Gyp! I've seen thee prove
How fast a twelve hand brute can move;
I've seen thee keep the foremost place,
And win the hard contested race;
I've seen thee lift as light a leg
As Tam O'Shanter's famous Meg,
Who gallop'd on right helter-skelter,
With goblins in her rear to pelt her;
And, closely prest by evil kind,
Left her unhappy tail behind.

Stop, fair and softly, gentle Gyp —
I've jingled thus far in our trip;
But now we're nigh the well-known gate;
So steady — stand at ease — and wait —
While I restore to hiding place
My paper and my pencil case;
Stand steady — and another time
I'll sing thy praise in better rhyme.

STANZAS.

'Tis well to give honour and glory to age,
With its lessons of wisdom and truth;
Yet who would not go back to the fanciful page,
And the fairy tale read but in youth?

Let time rolling on crown with fame or with gold —
Let us bask in the kindliest beams;
Yet what hope can be cherish'd, what gift can we hold,
That will bless like our earlier dreams?

As wine that hath stood for awhile on the board
May yet glow as the luscious and bright;
But not with the freshness, when first it was pour'd,
Nor its brim-kissing sparkles of light.

As the flowers live on in their fragrance and bloom,
The long summer-day to adorn,

Yet fail with their beauty to charm and illume
As when clothed with the dew gems of morn:

So life may retain its full portion of joy,
And fortune give all that she can;
But the feelings that gladden the breast of the *boy*
Will never be found in the *man*.

SONG OF THE CARRION CROW.

The wolf may howl, the jackal may prowl,—
Rare brave beasts are they;
The worm may crawl in the carcass foul,
The tiger may glut o'er his prey;

The bloodhound may hang with untired fang,—
He is cunning and strong, I trow;
But Death's stanch crew holds none more true
Than the broad-wing'd carrion crow.

My roost is the creaking gibbet's beam,
Where the murderer's bones swing bleaching,
Where the clattering chain rings back again
To the night-wind's desolate screeching.

To and fro, as the fierce gusts blow,
Merrily rock'd am I;
And I note with delight the traveller's fright
As he cowers and hastens by.

I scent the deeds of fearful crime;
I wheel o'er the parricide's head;
I have watch'd the sire, who, mad with ire,
The blood of his child hath shed;

I can chatter the tales at which
The ear of innocence starts;
And ye would not mark my plumage as dark
If ye saw it beside some hearts.

I have seen the friend spring out as a foe,
And the guest waylay his host,
And many a right arm strike a blow
The lips never dared to boast.

I have seen the soldier, millions adored,
Do other than deed of the brave,
When he wore a mask as well as a sword,
And dug a midnight grave.

I have flutter'd where secret work has been done,
Wrought with a trusty blade;
But what did I care, whether foul or fair,
If I shared the feast it made?

A struggle, a cry, a hasty gash,
A short and heavy groan!
Revenge was sweet—its work was complete—
The dead and I were alone!

I plunged my beak in the marbling cheek,
I perch'd on the clammy brow;

And a dainty treat was that fresh meat
To the greedy carrion crow.

I have follow'd the traveller, dragging on
O'er the mountains long and cold;
For I knew at last he must sink in the blast,
Though spirit was never so bold.

I hover'd close; his limbs grew stark—
His life-stream stood to congeal;
And I whetted my claw, for I plainly saw
I should soon have another meal.

He fell, and slept like a fair young bride,
In his winding-sheet of snow;
And quickly his breast had a table guest
In the hungry carrion crow.

If my pinions ache in the journey I take,
No resting-place will do
Till I light alone on a churchyard stone,
Or a branch of the gloomy yew.

Famine and plague bring joy to me,
For I love the harvest they yield;
And the fairest sight I ever see
Is the crimson battle-field.

Far and wide is my charnal range,
And rich carousal I keep,
Till back I come to my gibbet home,
To be merrily rock'd to sleep.

When the world shall be spread with tombless dead,
And darkness shroud all below,
What triumph and glee to the last will be
For the sateless carrion crow.

NAE STAR WAS GLINTIN OUT ABOON.

Nae star was glintin out aboon,
The clouds were dark and hid the moon;
The whistling gale was in my teeth,
And round me was the deep snaw wreath;
But on I went the dreary mile,
And sung right cantie a' the while.
I gae my plaid a closer fauld;
My hand was warm, my heart was bauld,
I did na heed the storm and cauld,
While ganging *to* my Katie.

But when I trod the same way back,
It seem'd a sad and waefu' track;
The brae and glen were lone and lang;
I did na sing my cantie sang;
I felt how sharp the sleet did fa',
And could na face the wind at a'.
Oh, sic a change! how could it be?
I ken fu' well, and sae may ye—
The sunshine had been gloom to me
While ganging *frae* my Katie.

CUPID'S ARROW.

Young Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day,
And besought him to look at his arrow.
" 'Tis useless," he cried; " you must mend it, I say;
'Tisn't fit to let fly at a sparrow.
There's something that's wrong in the shaft or the dart,
For it flutters quite false to my aim;
'Tis an age since it fairly went home to the heart,
And the world really jests at my name.

" I have straighten'd, I've bent, I've tried all, I declare,
I've perfumed it with sweetest of sighs;
'Tis feather'd with ringlets my mother might wear,
And the barb gleams with light from young eyes;
But it falls without touching — I'll break it, I vow,
For there's Hymen beginning to pout;
He's complaining his torch burns so dull and so low
That Zephyr might puff it right out."

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,
Till Vulcan the weapon restored.
" There, take it, young sir; try it now — if it fail,
I will ask neither fee nor reward."
The urchin shot out, and rare havoc he made;
The wounded and dead were untold;
But no wonder the rogue had such slaughtering trade,
For the arrow was laden with *gold*.

A B C.

Oh, thou Alpha Beta row,
Fun and freedom's earliest foe,
Shall I e'er forget the primer,
Thumb'd beside some Mrs. Trimmer,—
While mighty problem held me fast,
To know if Z was first or last?
And all Pandora had for me
Was emptied forth in A B C.

Teazing things of toil and trouble,
Fount of many a rolling bubble,
How I striv'd, with pouting pain,
To get thee quarter'd on my brain;
But when the giant feat was done,
How nobly wide the field I'd won!
Wit, reason, wisdom, all might be
Enjoy'd through simple A B C.

Steps that lead to topmost height
Of worldly fame and human might,
Ye win the orator's renown,
The poet's bays, the scholar's gown;
Philosophers must bend and say
'Twas ye who ope'd their glorious way.
Sage, statesman, critic, where is he
Who's not obliged to A B C?

Ye really ought to be exempt
From slighting taunt and cool contempt;

But drinking deep from learning's cup,
We scorn the hand that fill'd it up.
Be courteous, pedants—stay and thank
Your servants of the Roman rank,
For F. R. S. and LL. D.
Can only spring from A B C.

A LOVE SONG.

Dear Kate, I do not swear and rave,
Or sigh sweet things as many can;
But though my lip ne'er plays the slave,
My *heart* will not disgrace the *man*.
I prize thee—ay, my bonnie Kate,
So firmly fond this breast can be,
That I would brook the sternest fate
If it but left me health and thee.

I do not promise that our life
Shall know no shade on heart or brow;
For human lot and mortal strife
Would mock the falsehood of such vow.
But when the clouds of pain and care
Shall teach us we are not divine,
My deepest sorrows thou shalt share,
And I will strive to lighten thine.

We love each other, yet perchance
The murmurs of dissent may rise;

Fierce words may chase the tender glance,
And angry flashes light our eyes.
But we must learn to check the frown,
To reason rather than to blame;
The wisest have their faults to own,
And you and I, girl, have the same.

You must not like me less, my Kate,
For such an honest strain as this;
I love *thee* dearly, but I hate
The puling rhymes of "kiss" and "bliss."
There's truth in all I've said or sung;
I woo thee as a man *should* woo;
And though I lack a honey'd tongue,
Thou'lt never find a breast more true.

THE YOUNG MARINERS.

Bred up beside the rugged coast, three brothers bold were we,
Wild urchin mariners, who knew no play-place but the sea:
We spurn'd all space the earth could give—the valley, hill, and field;
The main—the boundless main alone, our reckless sports could yield.
We long had borrow'd sail and skiff,—obliged to be content
With any crazy, sluggard hull that kindly fisher lent:

At last our spirits, like our limbs, all strong and broad had grown,
And all our thoughts were centred in "a vessel of our *own!*"

The eldest-born, our hope and pride, the brightest of the three,
Had enter'd on the busy world, a sturdy shipwright he,
And mighty project fill'd our heads—we sat in council sage,
With earnest speech and gravity beseeming riper age:
We dared to think, we dared to say, that *he* could frame a boat,
And many others said the same, but question'd,—"would it *float?*"
Yet lines were drawn and timbers bought, all well and wisely plann'd,
And steadily he set to work to try his "'prentice hand."

He soon gave proof of goodly skill, and built a tiny craft,
While grey-haired sailors shook their heads and beardless landsmen laugh'd.
"'Tis a sweet cockleshell," cried they, "well form'd to please a boy;
With silken sails the thing will be a pretty water toy."
We took their taunts all quietly, till she was fit to launch,
And then some eyes began to find she look'd a little stanch.
All trim and neat, rigg'd out complete, we hail'd our fairy bark,
And chose her name the Petrel, from the bird of storm and dark.

We three, and Will, the smuggler's son, composed her stripling crew;
Her sheets were white as breakers' spray, her pennon old true blue;
And blessed was the breezy hour, and happy wights were we,
When first we gave her wings the wind, and saw her take the sea.
She clear'd the bay and shot away with free and steady speed:
Ne'er faster sped the desert child upon his Arab steed.
And though that squally day had served the fishers to deter,
The Petrel fairly show'd us that it failed to frighten her.

We reef'd—she slack'd; "Helm down!"—she tack'd. She scudded—went about.
All nobly done, our hopes were won—what triumph fill'd our shout!
And miser never prized his heaps, nor bridegroom loved his bride,
As we did our brave Petrel when she cut the booming tide.
Full many a fearful trip we made; no hazard did we shun;
We met the gale as readily as butterflies the sun.
No terror seized our glowing hearts; the blast but raised our mirth;
We felt as safe upon her planks as by our household hearth.

When many a large and stately ship lay rolling like a log,
With more of water in her hold than that which served for grog,
"What, ho!" we'd cry, while skimming by. "Look here, ye boasting band—
Just see what boys with water toys and silken sails can stand!"
Old Nep might lash his dolphins on with fierce and splashing wrath,
And summon all the myrmidons of death about his path;
The Triton trumpeter might sound his conch horn long and loud,
Till scaly monsters woke and toss'd the billows to the cloud;

The Nereids might scream their glee, bluff Boreas howl and rave;
But still the little Petrel was as saucy as the wave.
By day or night, in shade or light, a fitting mate was she
To ramble with her sponsor-bird, and live on any sea.
She tempted with a witching spell, she lured us to forget
A sister's fear, a mother's tear, a father's chiding threat.
Away we'd dash through foam and flash, and take the main as soon
Amid the scowling tempest as beneath the summer moon.

Some thirty years of toil and moil have done their work since then,
And changed us three young mariners to staid and thoughtful men;
But when by lucky chance we meet, we ne'er forget to note
The perils that we dared with such a "wee thing" of a boat.
Oh! were it so that time could give some chosen moments back,
Full well we know the sunniest that ever lit life's track;
We'd ask the days beside the coast, of freedom, health, and joy—
The ocean for our play-place, and the Petrel for our toy.

THIS IS THE HOUR FOR ME.

I'll sail upon the mighty main — but this is not the hour;
There's not enough of wind to move the bloom in lady's bower:
Oh! this is ne'er the time for me: our pretty bark would take
Her place upon the ocean like a rose-leaf on a lake.
There's not a murmur on the ear, no shade to meet the eye;
The ripple sleeps; the sun is up, all cloudless in the sky;

I do not like the gentle calm of such a torpid sea;
I will not greet the glassy sheet — 'tis not the hour for me.

Now, now the night-breeze freshens fast, the green waves gather strength,
The heavy mainsail firmly swells, the pennon shows its length,
Our boat is jumping in the tide — quick, let her hawser slip;
Though but a tiny thing, she'll live beside a giant ship.
Away, away! what nectar spray she flings about her bow;
What diamonds flash in every splash that drips upon my brow:
She knows she bears a soul that dares and loves the dark rough sea.
More sail! I cry; let, let her fly! — this is the hour for me.

NIGHT.

The God of day is speeding his way
Through the golden gates of the west;
The rosebud sleeps in the parting ray,
The bird is seeking its nest.

I love the light — yet welcome, Night!
For, beneath thy darkling fall

The troubled breast is sooth'd in rest,
And the slave forgets his thrall.

The peasant child, all strong and wild,
Is growing quiet and meek;
All fire is hid 'neath his heavy lid,
The lashes yearn to the cheek.

He roves no more in gamesome glee,
But hangs his weary head,
And loiters beside the mother's knee
To ask his lowly bed.

The butterflies fold their wings of gold,
The dew falls chill in the bower,
The cattle wait at the kineyard gate,
The bee hath forsaken the flower;

The roar of the city is dying fast,
Its tongues no longer thrill;
The hurrying tread is faint at last,
The artisan's hammer is still.

Night steals apace. She rules supreme;
A hallow'd calm is shed:
No footstep breaks, no whisper wakes—
'Tis the silence of the dead.

The hollow bay of a distant dog
Bids drowsy Echo start;
The chiming hour from an old church tower
Strikes fearfully on the heart.

All spirits are bound in slumber sound,
Save those o'er a death-bed weeping;
Or the soldier one that paces alone,
His guard by the watchfire keeping.

With ebon wand and sable robe,
How beautiful, Night, art thou;
Serenely set on a throne of jet,
With stars about thy brow!

Thou com'st to dry the mourner's eye,
That, wakeful, is ever dim;
To hush for awhile the grieving sigh,
And give strength to the wearied limb.

Hail to thy sceptre, Ethiop queen!
Fair mercy marks thy reign;
For the care-worn breast may take its rest,
And the slave forget his chain.

OH! NEVER BREATHE A DEAD ONE'S NAME.

Oh! never breathe a dead one's name
When those who loved that one are nigh:
It pours a lava through the frame
That chokes the breast and fills the eye;
It strains a chord that yields too much
Of piercing anguish in its breath;
And hands of mercy should not touch
A string made eloquent by death.

Oh ! never breathe a lost one's name
To those who call'd that one their own :
It only stirs the smouldering flame
That burns upon a charnel stone.
The heart will ache and well nigh break
To miss that one for ever fled;
And lips of mercy should not wake
A love that cherishes the dead.

A SONG FOR MERRY HARVEST.

Bring forth the harp, and let us sweep its fullest, loudest string.
The bee below, the bird above, are teaching us to sing
A song for merry harvest; and the one who will not bear
His grateful part partakes a boon he ill deserves to share.
The grasshopper is pouring forth his quick and trembling notes;
The laughter of the gleaner's child, the heart's own music floats.
Up ! up ! I say, a roundelay from every voice that lives
Should welcome merry harvest, and bless the God that gives.

The buoyant soul that loves the bowl may see the dark grapes shine,
And gems of melting ruby deck the ringlets of the vine;

Who prizes more the foaming ale may gaze upon the plain,
And feast his eye with yellow hops and sheets of bearded grain;
The kindly one whose bosom aches to see a dog unfed
May bend the knee in thanks to see the ample promised bread.
Awake, then, all! 'tis Nature's call, and every voice that lives
Shall welcome merry harvest, and bless the God that gives.

THE PLOUGHSHARE OF OLD ENGLAND.

The sailor boasts his stately ship, the bulwark of the isle;
The soldier loves his sword, and sings of tented plains the while;
But we will hang the ploughshare up within our fathers' halls,
And guard it as the deity of plenteous festivals.
We'll pluck the brilliant poppies, and the far-famed barley-corn,
To wreathe with bursting wheat-ears that outshine the saffron morn;
We'll crown it with a glowing heart, and pledge our fertile land,
The ploughshare of old England, and the sturdy peasant band!

The work it does is good and blest, and may be proudly told;
We see it in the teeming barns, and fields of waving gold:
Its metal is unsullied, no blood-stain lingers there.
God speed it well, and let it thrive unshackled every where.
The bark may rest upon the wave, the spear may gather dust;
But never may the prow that cuts the furrow lie and rust.
Fill up, fill up, with glowing heart, and pledge our fertile land,
The ploughshare of old England, and the sturdy peasant band!

GRATITUDE.

The hound will fawn on any one
That greets him with a kind caress;
The flower will turn towards the sun,
That nurtures it in loveliness.

The drooping bird, with frozen wing,
That feeds in winter at your sill,
Will trim his glossy plumes in spring,
And perch about your window still.

The grazing steed will mark the voice
That rules him with a gentle word;
And we may see the brute rejoice,
As though he loved the tones he heard.

I've taught the speckled frog to leap
At twilight for the crumbs I've spread;
I've lured the fawn till it would keep
Beside me, crouching, bound and led.

We find the fiercest things that live,
The savage born, the wildly rude,
When sooth'd by Mercy's hand, will give
Some faint response of gratitude.

But man! — oh, blush, ye lordly race! —
Shrink back, and question thy proud heart!
Do ye not lack that thankful grace
Which ever forms the soul's best part?

Will ye not take the blessings given,
The priceless boon of ruddy health,
The sleep unbroken, peace unriven,
The cup of joy, the mine of wealth?

Will ye not take them all? and yet
Walk from the cradle to the grave,
Enjoying, boasting, and forget
To think upon the God that gave.

Thou'lt even kneel to blood-stain'd kings,
Nor fear to have thy serfdom known;

Thy knee will bend for bauble things,
  Yet fail to seek its Maker's throne.

The bosom that would most repine
  At slightest comfort snatch'd away—
The lip that murmurs to resign,
  Is last to thank, is last to pray.

Call home thy thoughts, vain child of dust!
  However sad thy lot may be,
There is a *something* good, that must
  Demand acknowledgment from thee.

What would'st thou have from Him above?
  Gaze but on nature's ample field,
And that *one* type of mystic love
  Will ask more praise than thou can'st yield.

AWAY FROM THE REVEL.

Away from the revel! the night-star is up;
Away, come away, there is strife in the cup!
There is shouting of song, there is wine in the bowl;
But listen and drink, they will madden thy soul!

The foam of the goblet is sparkling and bright,
Rising like gems in the torches' red light;
But the glance of thine eye, if it lingers there,
Will change its mild beam for the maniac's glare!

The pearl studded chalice, displaying in pride,
May challenge thy lip to the purple draught's tide;
But the pearl of the dew-drop, the voice of the breeze,
Are dearer, and calmer, more blessed than these.

Oh! come, it is twilight; the night-star is up;
Its ray is more bright than the silver brimm'd cup;
The boat gently dances, the snowy sail fills,
We'll glide o'er the waters, or rove on the hills.

We'll kneel on the mountain, beneath the dark pine;
Our hearts' prayer the incense, and nature the shrine;
Back on the festal we'll look from the wave,
As the eye of the free on the chains of the slave!

Oh! come, it is twilight; the moon is awake;
The breath of the vesper-chime rides o'er the lake;
There is peace all around us, and health in the breeze,
And what can be dearer, more blessed than these?

THE FAIRY OF THE SEA.

THERE's a frigate on the waters, fit for battle, storm, or sun;
She dances like a life-boat, though she carries flag and gun.
I'm rich and blest while I can call that gallant craft my own;
I'm king of her, and Jove himself may keep his crown and throne.

She'll stem the billows mountain high, or skim the moonlit spray;
She'll take a blow and face a foe, like lion turn'd at bay.
Whate'er may try, she'll stand the test, the brave, the staunch, the free;
She bears a name of stainless fame, the Fairy of the Sea.

The gale is up, she feels the breath, the Petrel is behind,
She travels through the white foam like an arrow on the wind.
Softly, softly,—hold her in—let her slacken in her pace;
She'll do the pilot's bidding with a greyhound's gentle grace.
The rocks are round her—what of that? she turns them like a swan:
There are boiling breakers near, but she is safely creeping on.
Hurrah! hurrah! she's clear again! More canvass; helm a-lee!
Away she bounds, like deer from hounds, the Fairy of the Sea.

I've met with life's rough-weather squalls, and run on shoals ashore;
All pass'd me under scudding-sails, and friends were friends no more:
But when the storm-fiend did its worst, and blanch'd the firmest crew,
No timber yawn'd, no cordage broke; my bark, my bark was true.

We've lived together, closely bound, too long to lightly part;
I love her like a living thing; she's anchor'd in my heart;
But Death *must* come, and come he may; right welcome he shall be,
So that I sleep ten fathom deep in the Fairy of the Sea.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

Our bark was out—far, far from land,
When the fairest of our gallant band
Grew sadly pale, and waned away
Like the twilight of an autumn day.
We watch'd him through long hours of pain,
But our cares were lost, our hopes were vain.
Death struck; he gave no coward alarm;
For he smiled as he died on a messmate's arm.

He had no costly winding-sheet,
But we placed a round shot at his feet;
And he slept in his hammock as safe and sound
As a king in his lawn-shroud, marble-bound.
We proudly deck'd his funeral vest
With the English flag about his breast;
We gave him that as the badge of the brave,
And *then* he was *fit* for his sailor's grave.

Our voices broke — our hearts turn'd weak —
Hot tears were seen on the brownest cheek —
And a quiver play'd on the lips of pride,
As we lower'd him down the ship's dark side.
A plunge — a splash — and our task was o'er;
The billows roll'd as they roll'd before;
But many a rude prayer hallow'd the wave
That closed above the sailor's grave.

I MISS THEE, MY MOTHER.

I MISS thee, my Mother! Thy image is still
The deepest impress'd on my heart,
And the tablet so faithful in death must be chill
Ere a line of that image depart.
Thou wert torn from my side when I treasured thee most —
When my reason could measure thy worth;
When I knew but too well that the idol I'd lost
Could be never replaced upon earth.

I miss thee, my Mother, in circles of joy,
Where I've mingled with rapturous zest;
For how slight is the touch that will serve to destroy
All the fairy web spun in my breast!
Some melody sweet may be floating around —
'Tis a ballad I learnt at thy knee;
Some strain may be played, and I shrink from the sound,
For my fingers oft woke it for thee.

I miss thee, my Mother; when young health has fled,
And I sink in the languor of pain,
Where, where is the arm that once pillow'd my head,
And the ear that once heard me complain?
Other hands may support, gentle accents may fall—
For the fond and the true are yet mine:
I've a blessing for each; I am grateful to all—
But whose care *can* be soothing as thine?

I miss thee, my Mother, in summer's fair day,
When I rest in the ivy-wreath'd bower,
When I hang thy pet linnet's cage high on the spray,
Or gaze on thy favourite flower.
There's the bright gravel-path where I play'd by thy side
When time had scarce wrinkled thy brow,
Where I carefully led thee with worshipping pride
When thy scanty locks gather'd the snow.

I miss thee, my Mother, in winter's long night:
I remember the tales thou would'st tell—
The romance of wild fancy, the legend of fright—
Oh! who could e'er tell them so well!
Thy corner is vacant; thy chair is removed:
It was kind to take *that* from my eye:
Yet relics are round me—the sacred and loved—
To call up the pure sorrow-fed sigh.

I miss thee, my Mother! Oh, when do I not?
Though I know 'twas the wisdom of Heaven
That the deepest shade fell on my sunniest spot,
And such tie of devotion was riven;

For when thou wert with me my soul was below,
I was chain'd to the world I then trod;
My affections, my thoughts, were all earth-bound; but now
They have follow'd thy spirit to God!

THE HEART THAT'S TRUE.

Tell me not of sparkling gems,
Set in regal diadems;
You may boast your diamonds rare,
Rubies bright, and pearls so fair:
But there's a peerless gem on earth,
Of richer ray and purer worth;
'Tis priceless, but 'tis worn by few —
It is, it is the heart that's true.

Bring the tulip and the rose,
While their brilliant beauty glows;
Let the storm-cloud fling a shade,
Rose and tulip both will fade:
But there's a flower that still is found,
When mist and darkness close around,
Changeless, fadeless in its hue —
It is, it is the heart that's true.

Ardent in its earliest tie,
Faithful in its latest sigh;
Love and Friendship, god-like pair,
Find their throne of glory there.

Proudly scorning bribe and threat,
Nought can break the seal once set:
All the evil gold can do
Cannot warp the heart that's true.

First in Freedom's cause to bleed,
First in joy when slaves are freed;
Their hearts were true, and what could quell
The might of Washington or Tell?
Oh! there is one mortal shrine
Lighted up with rays divine.
Seek it, yield the homage due,
Deify the heart that's true.

THE LOVED ONE WAS NOT THERE.

We gather'd round the festive board,
The crackling faggot blazed,
But few would taste the wine that pour'd,
Or join the song we raised.
For there was now a glass unfill'd —
A favour'd place to spare;
All eyes were dull, all hearts were chill'd —
The loved one was not there.

No happy laugh was heard to ring,
No form would lead the dance;
A smother'd sorrow seem'd to fling
A gloom in every glance.

The grave had closed upon a brow,
The honest, bright, and fair;
We miss'd our mate, we mourn'd the blow —
The loved one was not there.

THE WORLD.

Talk who will of the world as a desert of thrall,
Yet, yet, there is bloom on the waste:
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

We murmur and droop should a sorrow-cloud stay,
And note all the shades of our lot;
But the rich scintillations that brighten our way
Are bask'd in, enjoy'd, and forgot.

Those who look on mortality's ocean aright
Will not mourn o'er each billow that rolls,
But dwell on the glories, the beauties, the might,
As much as the shipwrecks and shoals.

How thankless is he who remembers alone
All the bitter, the drear, and the dark!
Though the raven may scare with its woe-boding tone,
Do we ne'er hear the song of the lark?

We may utter farewell when 'tis torture to part,
But, in meeting the dear one again,

Have we never rejoiced with that wildness of heart
Which outbalances ages of pain?

Who hath not had moments so laden with bliss,
When the soul, in its fulness of love,
Would waver if bidden to choose between this
And the paradise promised above?

Though the eye may be dimm'd with its grief-drop awhile,
And the whiten'd lip sigh forth its fear,
Yet pensive indeed is that face where the smile
Is not oftener seen than the tear.

There are times when the storm-gust may rattle around,
There are spots where the poison-shrub grows;
Yet are there not hours when nought else can be found
But the south wind, the sunshine, and rose?

O haplessly rare is the portion that's ours,
And strange is the path that we take,
If there spring not beside us a few precious flowers,
To soften the thorn and the brake.

The wail of regret, the rude clashing of strife,
The soul's harmony often may mar;
But I think we must own, in the discords of life,
'Tis ourselves that oft waken the jar.

Earth is not *all* fair, yet it is not *all* gloom;
And the voice of the grateful will tell,
That He who allotted pain, death, and the tomb,
Gave hope, health, and the bridal, as well.

Should Fate do its worst, and my spirit, oppress'd,
O'er its own shatter'd happiness pine,
Let me witness the joy in another's glad breast,
And some pleasure *must* kindle in mine.

Then say not the world is a desert of thrall;
There is bloom, there is light on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.

There's a star in the west that shall never go down
Till the records of valour decay;
We must worship its light, though it is not our own,
For liberty burst in its ray.
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem star of the west?

"War, war to the knife! be enthrall'd or ye die,"
Was the echo that woke in his land;
But it was not *his* voice that promoted the cry,
Nor *his* madness that kindled the brand.
He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
While a leaf of the olive remain'd;
Till goaded with insult, his spirit arose
Like a long-baited lion unchain'd.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
  But sigh'd o'er the carnage that spread:
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
  But wept for the thousands that bled.
Though he threw back the fetters and headed the strife,
  Till man's charter was fairly restored;
Yet he pray'd for the moment when freedom and life
  Would no longer be press'd by the sword.

Oh! his laurels were pure; and his patriot name
  In the page of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
  By the side of a Hofer and Tell.
Revile not my song, for the wise and the good
  Among Britons have nobly confess'd
That his was the glory and ours was the blood
  Of the deeply-stain'd field of the west.

STANZAS.

The dark and rugged mountain steep,
  The sloping emerald glade,
The beam-lit valley, where vines may creep,
  The hare-bell low in the shade;

The towering hill, the shimmering rill,
  The fields and forest trees—
Oh, he is blind who cannot find
  Good company in these.

I have seen the harvest sun pour down
  Its rays on the rustling sheaf,
Till gold flash'd out from the wheat-ear brown,
  And flame from the poppy's leaf;

I have heard the music the woods have made
  In deep and sullen roar,
When the mighty winds of winter play'd
  On branches grey and hoar;

I have seen the merry spring steal nigh,
  And my soul has leap'd to meet
The rainbow clouds that flitted on high,
  The daisy that kiss'd my feet;

I have watch'd the slowly gathering gloom
  Of mournful autumn throw
Its pensive shade on the dying bloom,
  Like sorrow on beauty's brow:

And though I have garner'd little of light
  From learning's glorious store,
These, these have taught God's mercy and might;
  And who can teach me more?

My spirit has glow'd, the wrapt, the blest,
  Flush'd with the fervent zeal
That may gush from the eyes and burn in the breast,
  But the weak lips ne'er reveal.

The giant rock, the lowliest flower
Can lead to Him above,
And bid me worship the hand of power,
Of mystery and love.

Does my heart grow proud! I need but turn
To nature, and confess
A Maker's greatness — shrink and learn
My own unworthiness!

ENGLAND.

My heart is pledg'd in wedded faith to England's "merry isle;"
I love each low and straggling cot, each famed ancestral pile;
I'm happy when my steps are free upon the sunny glade;
I'm glad and proud amid the crowd that throng its mart of trade;
I gaze upon our open port, where Commerce mounts her throne,
Where every flag that comes ere now has lower'd to our own.
Look round the globe, and tell me can ye find more blazon'd names,
Among its cities and its streams, than London and the Thames?

My soul is link'd right tenderly to every shady copse;
I prize the crèeping violets, the tall and fragrant hops;
The citron tree or spicy grove for me would never yield
A perfume half so grateful as the lilies of the field.
I thread the wood, I rob the hedge, and glad content is mine,
Although they lack the orange-branch, pomegranate, date, and vine.
I covet not the rarest fruit exotic region shows,
While England has its hazel-nuts, its blackberries, and sloes.

I'll ask if there's a British boy, whate'er may be his rank,
Who does not dearly love to climb his native bramble bank;
Who would not trudge for many a mile to gain a nutting track,
Proud of the crook'd stick in his hand and basket at his back?
Our songsters, too, oh! who shall dare to breathe one slighting word?
Their plumage dazzles not — yet say, can sweeter strains be heard?
Let other feathers vaunt the dyes of deepest rainbow flush,
Give me old England's nightingale, its robin, and its thrush.

I'd freely rove through Tempe's vale, or scale the giant Alp,
Where roses list the bulbul's tale, or snow-wreaths crown the scalp;

I'd pause to hear soft Venice streams plash back to boat-
man's oar,
Or hearken to the western flood in wild and falling
roar;
I'd tread the vast of mountain range, or spot serene and
flower'd;
I ne'er could see too many of the wonders God has
shower'd;
Yet though I stood on fairest earth, beneath the bluest
heaven,
Could I forget *our* summer sky, *our* Windermere and
Devon?

I'd own a brother in the good and brave of any land,
Nor would I ask his clime or creed before I gave my
hand;
Let but the deeds be ever such that all the world may
know,
And little recks "the place of birth," or colour of the
brow;
Yet, though I'd hail a foreign name among the first
and best,
Our own transcendent stars of fame would rise within my
breast;
I'd point to hundreds who have done the most e'er done
by man,
And cry, "There's England's glory scroll—show brighter
if ye can!"

THY KINGDOM COME.

'Tis human lot to meet and bear
The common ills of human life;
There's not a breast but hath its share
Of bitter pain and vexing strife.
The peasant in his lowly shed,
The noble 'neath a gilded dome,
Each will at some time bow his head,
And ask and hope, "Thy kingdom come?"

When some deep sorrow, surely slow,
Despoils the cheek and eats the heart,
Laying our busy projects low,
And bidding all earth's dreams depart—
Do we not smile, and calmly turn
From the wide world's tumultuous hum,
And feel the immortal essence yearn,
Rich with the thought, "Thy kingdom come?"

The waves of care may darkly bound
And buffet, till, our strength outworn,
We stagger as they gather round,
All shatter'd, weak, and tempest-torn:
But there's a light-house for the soul,
That beacons to a stormless home;
It safely guides through roughest tides—
It shines, it saves! "Thy kingdom come!"

To gaze upon the loved in death,
To mark the closing beamless eye,
To press dear lips, and find no breath—
This, this is life's worst agony!
But God, too merciful, too wise,
To leave the lorn one in despair,
Whispers, while snatching those we prize,
"My kingdom come!—Ye'll meet them there!"

THE BOW.

A CHEER for Robin Hood
And Nottingham's famed wood,
When the greensward was the merry men's resort;
When the tough and springy yew
Was the bravest tree that grew,
And the bow held foremost place in English sport.

Right glorious I ween
Was the olden forest scene,
When bugles rang and sturdy yeomen met;
When the flying bird was hit,
The willow sapling split,
And bow and shaft had fame unrivall'd yet.

In the fields our fathers won
We shall find the bow has done
Some work our annals proudly may record;

Did they prove it bent in vain,
On Poictiers or Cressy's plain?
Had the arrow there less glory than the sword?

The whizzing barb that flew
Bore its message home and true,
As swift as sun-ray, free as eagle's wing;
And many a haughty foe
Was taught to feel and know
What English arms could do with wood and string.

See, see the archer hold
His weapons firm and bold,
With spreading chest, and clear uncover'd brow;
The arrow 'neath his eye,
Drawn to the head, let fly,
Fix'd in the prey. Ha! ha! who scorns the bow?

Then a cheer for Robin Hood
And Nottingham's famed wood,
When the greensward was the merry men's resort;
When the tough and springy yew
Was the bravest tree that grew,
And the bow held foremost place in English sport.

THE FOREST TREES.

Up with your heads, ye sylvan lords,
Wave proudly in the breeze,

For our cradle bands and coffin boards
Must come from the forest trees.

We bless ye for your summer shade,
When our weak limbs fail and tire;
Our thanks are due for your winter aid,
When we pile the bright log fire.

Oh! where would be our rule on the sea,
And the fame of the sailor band,
Were it not for the oak and cloud-crown'd pine,
That spring on the quiet land?

When the ribs and masts of the good ship live,
And weather the gale with ease,
Take his glass from the tar who will not give
A health to the forest trees.

Ye lend to life its earliest joy,
And wait on its latest page;
In the circling hoop for the rosy boy,
And the easy chair for age.

The old man totters on his way,
With footsteps short and slow;
But without the stick for his help and stay
Not a yard's length could he go.

The hazel twig in the stripling's hand
Hath magic power to please;
And the trusty staff and slender wand
Are pluck'd from the forest trees.

Ye are seen in the shape of the blessed plough
And the merry ringing flail;
Ye shine in the dome of the monarch's home
And the sacred altar rail.

In the rustic porch, the wainscoted wall,
In the gay triumphal car;
In the rude built hut or the banquet hall,
No matter! there ye are!

Then up with your heads, ye sylvan lords!
Wave proudly in the breeze;
From our cradle bands to our coffin boards
We're in debt to the forest trees.

THE HORSE.

The horse! the brave, the gallant horse—
Fit theme for the minstrel's song!
He hath good claim to praise and fame,
As the fleet, the kind, the strong.

What of your foreign monsters rare?
I'll turn to the road or course,
And find a beauteous rival there
In the horse, the English horse.

Behold him free on his native sod,
Looking fit for the sun-god's car;

With a skin as sleek as a maiden's cheek,
And an eye like the Polar star.

Who wonders not such limbs can deign
To brook the fettering girth,
As we see him fly the ringing plain,
And paw the crumbling earth ?

His nostrils are wide with snorting pride,
His fiery veins expand ;
And yet he'll be led by a silken thread,
Or sooth'd by an infant's hand.

He owns the lion's spirit and might,
But the voice he has learnt to love
Needs only be heard, and he'll turn to the word,
As gentle as a dove.

The Arab is wise who learns to prize
His barb before all gold;
But is *his* barb more fair than ours,
More generous, fast, or bold ?

A song for the steed, the gallant steed—
Oh ! grant him a leaf of bay ;
For we owe much more to his strength and speed
Than man can ever repay.

Whatever his place, the yoke, the chase,
The war-field, road, or course,
One of Creation's brightest and best
Is the horse, the noble horse !

THE MOURNERS.

King Death sped forth in his dreaded power
To make the most of his tyrant hour;
And the first he took was a white-robed girl,
With the orange bloom twined in each glossy curl.
Her fond betroth'd hung over the bier,
Bathing her shroud with the gushing tear:
He madly raved, he shriek'd his pain,
With frantic speech and burning brain.
"There's no joy," cried he, "now my dearest is gone.
Take, take me, Death; for I cannot live on!"

The sire was robb'd of his eldest-born,
And he bitterly bled while the branch was torn:
Other scions were round as good and fair,
But none seem'd so bright as the breathless heir.
"My hopes are crush'd," was the father's cry;
"Since my darling is lost, I, too, would die."
The valued friend was snatched away,
Bound to another from childhood's day;
And the one that was left exclaim'd in despair,
"Oh! he sleeps in the tomb—let me follow him there!"

A mother was taken, whose constant love
Had nestled her child like a fair young dove;
And the heart of that child to the mother had grown,
Like the ivy to oak, or the moss to the stone:
Nor loud nor wild was the burst of woe,
But the tide of anguish run strong below;

And the reft one turn'd from all that was light,
From the flowers of day and the stars of night;
Breathing where none might hear or see —
"Where thou art, my mother, thy child would be."

Death smiled as he heard each earnest word:
"Nay, nay," said he, "be this work deferr'd;
I'll see thee again in a fleeting year,
And, if grief and devotion live on sincere,
I promise then thou shalt share the rest
Of the being now pluck'd from thy doating breast;
Then, if thou cravest the coffin and pall
As thou dost this moment, my spear shall fall."
And Death fled till Time on his rapid wing
Gave the hour that brought back the skeleton king.

But the lover was ardently wooing again,
Kneeling in serfdom, and proud of his chain;
He had found an idol to adore,
Rarer than that he had worshipp'd before:
His step was gay, his laugh was loud,
As he led the way for the bridal crowd;
And his eyes still kept their joyous ray,
Though he went by the grave where his first love lay.
"Ha! ha!" shouted Death, "'tis passing clear
That I am a guest not wanted here!"

The father was seen in his children's games,
Kissing their flush'd brows and blessing their names!
And his eye grew bright as he mark'd the charms
Of the boy at his knee and the girl in his arms:

His voice rung out in the merry noise,
He was first in all their hopes and joys;
He ruled their sports in the setting sun,
Nor gave a thought to the missing one.
"Are ye ready?" cried Death, as he raised his dart.
"Nay! nay!" shriek'd the father; "in mercy depart!"

The friend again was quaffing the bowl,
Warmly pledging his faith and soul;
His bosom cherish'd with glowing pride
A stranger form that sat by his side;
His hand the hand of that stranger press'd;
He praised his song, he echoed his jest;
And the mirth and wit of that new found mate
Made a blank of the name so prized of late.
"See! see!" cried Death, as he hurried past,
"How bravely the bonds of friendship last!"

But the orphan child! Oh, where was she?
With clasping hands and bended knee,
All alone on the church-yard's sod,
Mingling the names of mother and God.
Her dark and sunken eye was hid,
Fast weeping beneath the swollen lid;
Her sigh was heavy, her forehead was chill,
Betraying the wound was unheal'd still;
And her smother'd prayer was yet heard to crave
A speedy home in the self-same grave.

Her's was the love all holy and strong;
Her's was the sorrow fervent and long;

Her's was the spirit whose light was shed
As an incense fire above the dead.
Death linger'd there, and paused awhile;
But she beckon'd him on with a welcoming smile.
"There's a solace," cried she, "for all others to find,
But a mother leaves no equal behind."
And the kindest blow Death ever gave
Laid the mourning child in the parent's grave.

THE KING OF THE WIND.

He burst through the ice-pillar'd gates of the north,
And away on his hurricane wings he rush'd forth;
He exulted all free in his might and his speed,
He mock'd at the lion and taunted the steed;
He whistled along, through each cranny and creek;
He whirl'd o'er the mountains with hollow-toned shriek;
The arrow and eagle were laggard behind,
And alone in his flight sped the King of the Wind.

He swept o'er the earth—the tall battlements fell,
And he laugh'd, as they crumbled, with maniac yell;
The broad oak of the wood dared to wrestle again,
Till, wild in his fury, he hurl'd it in twain;
He grappled with pyramids, works of an age,
And dire records were left of his havoc and rage.
No power could brave him, no fetters could bind;
Supreme in his sway was the King of the Wind.

He career'd o'er the waters with death and despair,
He wreck'd the proud ship and his triumph was there;
The cheeks that had blanch'd not at foeman or blade
At the sound of his breathing turn'd pale and afraid;
He rock'd the stanch lighthouse, he shivered the mast,
He howl'd—the strong life-boat in fragments was cast;
And he roar'd in his glory, "Where, where will ye find
A despot so great as the King of the Wind!"

MY GRAVE.

SWEET is the ocean grave, under the azure wave,
Where the rich coral the sea-grot illumes;
Where pearls and amber meet, decking the winding sheet,
Making the sailor's the brightest of tombs.

Let the proud soldier rest, wrapt in his gory vest,
Where he may happen to fall on his shield.
To sink in the glory-strife was his first hope in life;
Dig him his grave on the red battle-field.

Lay the one great and rich in the strong cloister niche,
Give him his coffin of cedar and gold;
Let the wild torch-light fall, flouting the velvet pall,
Lock him in marble vault, darksome and cold.

But there's a sunny hill, fondly remember'd still,
Crown'd with fair grass and a bonnie elm tree:

Fresh as the foamy surf, sacred as church-yard turf,
There be the resting-place chosen by me!

Though the long formal prayer ne'er has been utter'd there,
Though the robed priest has not hallow'd the sod;
Yet would I dare to ask any in saintly mask
"Where is the spot that's unwatch'd by a God!"

There the wind loud and strong whistles its winter song,
Shrill in its wailing and fierce in its sweep;
'Tis music now sweet and dear, loved by my soul and ear;
Let it breathe on where I sleep the last sleep.

There in the summer days rest the bright flashing rays,
There spring the wild flowers—fair as can be:
Daisy and pimpernel, lily and cowslip bell,
These be the grave flowers chosen by me.

There would I lie alone, mark'd by no sculptur'd stone.
Few will regret when my spirit departs;
And I loathe the vain charnel fame, praising an empty name,
Dear, after all, but to two or three hearts.

Who does not turn and laugh at the false epitaph,
Painting man spotless and pure as the dove?
If aught of goodly worth grace my career on earth
All that I heed is its record above.

'Tis on that sunny hill, fondly remember'd still,
Where my young footsteps climb'd happy and free:
Fresh as the foamy surf, sacred as churchyard turf—
There be the sleeping-place chosen by me.

THE WREATHS.

Whom do we crown with the laurel leaf?
The hero god, the soldier chief.
But we dream of the crushing cannon-wheel,
Of the flying shot and the reeking steel,
Of the crimson plain where warm blood smokes,
Where clangour deafens and sulphur chokes:
Oh, who can love the laurel wreath,
Pluck'd from the gory field of death?

Whom do we crown with summer flowers?
The young and fair in their happiest hours.
But the buds will only live in the light
Of feastive day or a glittering night;
We know the vermil tints will fade—
That pleasure dies with the bloomy braid:
And who can prize the coronal
That's form'd to dazzle, wither, and fall?

Who wears the cypress, dark and drear?
The one who is shedding the mourner's tear:
The gloomy branch for ever twines
Round foreheads graved with sorrow's lines.

'Tis the type of a sad and lonely heart,
That hath seen its dearest hopes depart.
Oh, who can like the chaplet band
That is wove by Melancholy's hand?

Where is the ivy circlet found?
On the one whose brain and lips are drown'd
In the purple stream — who drinks and laughs
Till his cheeks outflush the wine he quaffs.
Oh, glossy and rich is the ivy crown,
With its gems of grape-juice trickling down;
But, bright as it seems o'er the glass and bowl,
It has stain for the heart and shade for the soul.

But there's a green and fragrant leaf
Betokens nor revelry, blood, nor grief:
'Tis the purest amaranth springing below,
And rests on the calmest, noblest brow:
It is not the right of the monarch or lord,
Nor purchased by gold, nor won by the sword;
For the lowliest temples gather a ray
Of quenchless light from the palm of bay.

Oh, beautiful bay! I worship thee —
I homage thy wreath — I cherish thy tree;
And of all the chaplets Fame may deal,
'Tis only to this one I would kneel:
For as Indians fly to the banian branch,
When tempests lower and thunders launch,
So the spirit may turn from crowds and strife
And seek from the bay-wreath joy and life.

OLD PINCHER.

When I gave to old Dobbin his song and his due,
Apollo I fear'd would look scornfully blue;
I thought he might spurn the low station and blood,
And turn such a Pegasus out of his stud.

But another "four-footed" comes boldly to claim
His place beside Dobbin in merits and fame;
He shall have it,—for why should I be over nice,
Since Homer immortalized Ilion and—mice?

I frolick'd, a youngling, wild, rosy, and fat,
When Pincher was brought in the butcher-boy's hat;
And the long-promised puppy was hail'd with a joy
That ne'er was inspired by a gold-purchased toy.

"What a darling," cried I; while my sire, with a frown,
Exclaim'd, "Hang the brute! though 'tis easy to drown:"
But I wept at the word, till my sorrowful wail
Won his total reprieve from the rope or the pail.

Regarding his beauty, I'm silent: forsooth,
I've a little old fashion'd respect for the truth;
And the praise of his colour or shape to advance
Would be that part of history known as romance.

There were some who most rudely denounced him a "cur."
How I hated that name, though I dar'd not demur!
I thought him all fair; yet I'll answer for this,
That the fate of Narcissus could ne'er have been his.

Now Dobbin, the pony, belonged to us all,
Was at every one's service, and every one's call:
But Pincher, rare treasure, possession divine,
Was held undisputed as whole and sole mine.

Together we rambled, together we grew.
Many plagues had the household, but we were the two
Who were branded the deepest; all doings revil'd
Were sure to be wrought by "that dog and that child."

Unkennel'd and chainless, yet truly he served;
No serfdom was known, yet his faith never swerved:
A dog has a heart,—secure that, and you'll find
That *love* even in brutes is the safest to bind.

If my own kin or kind had demolish'd my ball,
The transgression were mark'd with a scuffle and squall;
But with perfect consent he might mouth it about,
Till the very last atom of sawdust was out.

When halfpence were doled for the holiday treat,
How I long'd for the comfits, so lusciously sweet:
But cakes *must* be purchased, for how could I bear
To feast on a luxury Pinch could not share?

I fondled, I fed him, I coax'd or I cuff'd,—
I drove or I led him, I sooth'd or I huff'd:
He had beatings in anger, and huggings in love;
But which were most cruel, 'twere a puzzle to prove.

If he dared to rebel, I might battle and wage
The fierce war of a tyrant with petulant rage:

I might ply him with kicks, or belabour with blows,
But Pincher was never once known to oppose.

Did a mother appear the loud quarrel to learn,
If 'twere only with him it gave little concern:
No ill-usage could rouse him, no insult could chafe;
While Pinch was the playmate her darling was safe.

If the geese on the common gave signal of fear,
And screams most unmusical startled the ear,
The cause was soon guess'd; for my foremost delight
Was in seeing Pinch put the old gander to flight.

Had the pantry been rifled of remnant of beef,
Shrewd suspicions were form'd of receiver and thief,
For I paused not at crime, and I blushed not at fibs
That assisted to nurture his well-cover'd ribs.

The warren was sacred, yet he and I dared
To career through its heath till the rabbits were scared:
The gamekeeper threaten'd me Pinch should be shot;
But the threat was by both of us always forgot.

The linen, half-bleach'd, must be rinsed o'er again;
And our footsteps in mud were "remarkably" plain.
The tulips were crush'd, to the gardener's dismay;
And when last we were seen we were bending that way.

When brought to the bar for the evil we'd done,
Some atrocious spoliation I chose to call "fun:"
Though Pinch was Tiberius, those who might try
Knew well that the active Sejanus was I.

But we weathered all gales, and the years sped away,
Till his "bonnie black" hide was fast turning to grey;
When accents were heard most alarmingly sad,
Proclaiming that Pincher, my Pincher, was mad.

It was true: his fixed doom was no longer a joke;
He that moment must die: my young heart was nigh broke.
I saw the sure fowling-piece moved from its rest,
And the sob of keen anguish burst forth unsuppress'd.

A shot,—a faint howl,—and old Pincher was dead.
How I wept while the gardener prepared his last bed:
Something fell on his spade too, wet, sparkling, and clear;
Though *he* said 'twas a dew-drop, *I* know 'twas a tear.

Our winter-night circle was now incomplete;
We miss'd the fond brute that had snoozed at our feet:
All his virtues were praised, all his mischief forgot,
We lauded his merits, and sigh'd o'er his lot.

Poodle, spaniel, and greyhound, were brought for my care,
Of beauty and breed reckon'd preciously rare;
But the playmate of infancy, friend of my youth,
Was link'd with a lasting affection and truth.

He was never supplanted; nay, mention him now,
And a something of shadow will steal from my brow.
"Poor fellow!" will burst in such tone of regret,
That whispers my heart is his lurking-place yet.

No wonder; for memory brings back with him
The thoughts that will render the lightest eye dim;
He is mingled with all that I idolized most,
The brightest, the purest, the loved, and the lost.

The smile of a parent, the dearest, the best,
The joys of my forest home spring to my breast,
And those days re-appear with a halo divine,
When old Pincher, a mother, and childhood were mine.

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

When the merry spring time weaves
Its peeping bloom and dewy leaves;
When the primrose opes its eye,
And the young moth flutters by;
When the plaintive turtle dove
Pours its notes of peace and love;
And the clear sun flings its glory bright and wide—
Yet, my soul will own
More joy in winter's frown,
And wake with warmer flush at Christmas tide.

The summer beams may shine
On the rich and curling vine,
And the noon-tide rays light up
The tulip's dazzling cup:
But the pearly misletoe
And the holly-berries' glow

Are not even by the boasted rose outvied;
For the happy hearts beneath
The green and coral wreath
Love the garlands that are twined at Christmas tide.

Let the autumn days produce
Yellow corn and purple juice,
And Nature's feast be spread
In the fruitage ripe and red;
'Tis grateful to behold
Gushing grapes and fields of gold,
When cheeks are brown'd and red lips deeper dyed:
But give, oh! give to me
The winter night of glee,
The mirth and plenty seen at Christmas tide.

The northern gust may howl,
The rolling storm-cloud scowl,
King Frost may make a slave
Of the river's rapid wave,
The snow-drift choke the path,
Or the hail-shower spend its wrath;
But the sternest blast right bravely is defied,
While limbs and spirits bound
To the merry minstrel sound,
And social wood-fires blaze at Christmas tide.

The song, the laugh, the shout,
Shall mock the storm without;
And sparkling wine-foam rise
'Neath still more sparkling eyes;

The forms that rarely meet
Then hand to hand shall greet,
And soul pledge soul that leagues too long divide.
Mirth, friendship, love, and light
Shall crown the winter night,
And every glad voice welcome Christmas tide.

But while joy's echo falls
In gay and plenteous halls,
Let the poor and lowly share
The warmth, the sports, the fare;
For the one of humble lot
Must not shiver in his cot,
But claim a bounteous meed from wealth and pride.
Shed kindly blessings round,
Till no aching heart be found;
And then all hail to merry Christmas tide!

KINGS.

Oh, covet not the throne and crown,
Sigh not for rule and state:
The wise would fling the sceptre down,
And shun the palace gate.

Let wild ambition wing its flight;
Glory is free to all:
But they who soar a regal height
Will risk a deadly fall.

Take any high imperial name,
The great among the great;
What was the guerdon of his fame,
And what his closing fate?

The hero of immortal Greece,
Unhappy, fled to wine,
And died in Saturnalian peace,
As drunkard, fool, and swine.

The first in arms, Rome's victor son,
Fell by a traitor's aim,
And drew the purple robes he'd won
To hide his blood and shame.

Bold Richard, England's lion heart,
Escaped the burning fray,
To sink beneath a peasant's dart,
And groan his life away.

Gaul's eagle, he whose upraised hand
Sway'd legions of the brave,
Died in a prison, "barr'd and bann'd,"
An exile and a slave.

Scores may be found whose tyrant-time
Knew not one hour of rest;
Their lives one course of senseless crime
Their every deed unblest.

Ye blazing stars of gems and gold,
What aching hearts ye mock!

Strong marble walls, do ye not hold
Sword, poison, axe, and block ?

Many have cursed the crown they've worn
When, hurl'd from place and rank,
They met a people's groaning scorn,
And trod the scaffold plank.

" Uneasy lies the monarch's head,"
Despite his dazzling wreath;
The hireling by his dying bed
May aid the work of death.

His cringing horde may bow the neck,
Though bid to lick the dust:
He may have serfs to wait his beck,
But not one friend to trust.

Ye lowly born oh! covet not,
One right the sceptre brings;
The honest name and peaceful lot
Outweigh the pomp of kings.

HOPE.

There is a star that cheers our way
Along this dreary world of woe,
That tips with light the waves of life,
However bitterly they flow.

'Tis Hope! 'tis Hope! that blessed star!
Which peers through Misery's darkest cloud;
And only sets where Death has brought
The pall, the tombstone, and the shroud.

But, ah! to look upon the dead,
And know they ne'er can wake again;
To lose the one we love the best: —
Oh God! it sears the breast and brain.

Then, then, the human heart will groan,
And pine beneath the stroke of Fate;
'Twill break, to find itself alone,
A thing all sad and desolate!

LINES,

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT, IN THE PROSPECT OF A DREADED BEREAVEMENT.

THOUGH to the passing world my heart
A quiet, untouch'd thing may seem,
It bleeds, my Mother, bleeds for *thee*,
My love, my sorrow, and my theme.

How many a night these aching eyes
Have watch'd beside thy wasting form;
Watch'd, like the anxious mariner,
Who marks and dreads the coming storm!

How many a time I've bent mine ear,
To catch thy low and fainting breath;
And trembled, lest thy soul had fled
Unnoticed to the realms of death!

My Mother! thou wilt die, and leave
The world, with life and grief, to me;
But ah! perchance the branch may fade,
When sever'd from its parent tree!

I do adore thee! such my first
Fond broken lisping did proclaim;
And all I suffer now but proves
My shrine and homage still the same.

Time, that will alter breast and brow
So strangely that we know them not;
That sponges out all trace of truth,
Or darkens it with many a blot;

In me hath wrought its changes too,
Alike in bosom, lip, and brain;
And taught me much, much that, alas!
Is learnt but in the school of pain.

I'm strangely warp'd from what I was,
For some few years, in Life's fresh morn;
When Thought scarce link'd with Reason's chain,
Nor dar'd to question, doubt, or scorn.

The poison'd smile, the broken faith,
Of those I fondly deem'd sincere,

Have almost taught me how to *hate,*
And echo back the gibe and jeer.

Though young in years, I've learnt to look
With trustless eye on all and each;
And shudder that I find so oft
The basest heart with gentlest speech.

But one warm stream of feeling flows
With warm devoted love for thee;
A stream whose tide, without an ebb,
Will reach eternity's vast sea.

Time has not dimm'd, nor will it dim,
One ray of that bright glowing flame
Which constant burns, like Allah's fire,
Upon the altar of thy name.

But, ah! that name, so dearly priz'd,
So warmly cherish'd, soon must be
A beacon quench'd; a treasure wreck'd—
To live but in the memory.

Father of Mercy! is there nought
Of tribulation Thou canst send
Upon my heart but this dire stroke;
To scathe, to madden, and to rend?

Wilt Thou not spare, at least awhile,
The only one I care to call
My own? Oh, wilt thou launch the bolt,
And crush at once my earthly all?

But this is impious. — Faith and hope
Will teach me how to bear my lot!
To think Almighty Wisdom best;
To bow my head, and murmur not.

The chast'ning hand of one above
Falls heavy; but I'll kiss the rod;
He gives the wound, and I must trust
Its healing to the self-same God!

THE FIRST VOYAGE.

He stood upon the sandy beach,
And watch'd the dancing foam;
He gaz'd upon the leaping waves,
Which soon would be his home.

And then he ey'd his sailor's garb,
With look of proud delight:
The flowing kerchief round his neck,
The trousers, wide and white.

The rose of health was on his cheek,
His forehead fair as day;
Hope play'd within his hazel eye,
And told his heart was gay.

And many a time the sturdy boy
Long'd for the hour to come
Which gave the hammock for his couch,
The ocean for his home!

And now the gallant ship rides nigh,
The wind is fair and free,
The busy hands have trimm'd her sails:
She stems the open sea.

The boy again is on the beach;
A mother's arms have press'd him,
A sister's hand is link'd in his,
A father's lip hath bless'd him.

The eyes that lately sparkled bright
Are swoll'n with many a tear;
His young heart feels a choking pang,
To part from all so dear.

Another kiss — another sob,
And now the struggle's o'er:
He springs into the tiny boat,
And pushes from the shore.

The last sad drop upon his cheek
Falls mingling with the foam:
The sea-bird, screaming, welcomes him;
The ocean is his home!

FRAGMENT.

Say on, that I'm over romantic,
In loving the wild, and the free;
But, the waves of the dashing Atlantic,
The Alps, and the eagle, for me!

The billows, so madly uprearing
Their heads on the blast-ridden main,
Mock the hurricane, dauntless, unfearing,
And roar back the thunder again.

The mountain, right heavenward bearing,
Half lost in the sun and the snow,
Can only be trod by the daring:
The fearful may tremble below.

The eagle is high in its dwelling,
For ever the tameless, the proud;
It heeds not the storm-spirits' yelling,
It swoops through the lightning-fraught cloud.

Tell me not of a soft sighing lover;
Such things may be had by the score:
I'd rather be bride to a rover,
And polish the rifle he bore.

The storm, with its thunder affrighting;
The torrent and avalanche high;
These, these, would my spirit delight in;
'Mid these would I wander and die!

Say on, that I'm over romantic,
In loving the wild and the free;
But the waves of the dashing Atlantic,
The Alps, and the eagle, for me!

LINES

WRITTEN TO BEGUILE AN IDLE HOUR.

How fondly memory loves to nurse
The happy scenes of bygone years;
When childhood drank the cup of life,
Before 'twas dash'd with care and tears;

When infancy, just thrown away,
Left me a wild and sportive girl,
With glowing cheek and thoughtless brow,
Half hid 'neath many a shaggy curl;

When time flew on with rainbow wings,
Flinging a radiance round the hours
When peeping daisies seem more bright
Than Italy's Arcadian flowers.

Methinks I see the old oak tree,
That stands alone upon the hill,
Whose acorns, strung beneath its shade,
Keep place among my treasures still.

Methinks I see my tiny boat,
With silken pennon, long and gay,

Now drifting on the weedy bank,—
Now deluged in the cascade's spray.

How fearless then my footstep trod
The plank that spann'd the torrent's flow;
As light and active in my spring
As playful greyhound on the snow.

How oft I rambled through the wood,
Or paced along the new turn'd furrow;
How pleased I urged my yelping dog
To start the rabbit from its burrow.

The tangled copses round about
Appear'd familiar with my tread;
The glitt'ring adder linger'd still;
The chirping linnet scarcely fled.

Oh! those were happy, laughing days;
Such that I never thought would leave
A pensive shadow in my breast,
Or give my heart a cause to grieve.

To grieve that those who used to be
My fondest, truest playmates then,
Should sadly change, since mingled with
The world, its manners, and its men.

To think I cannot meet a hand
So warm as those I press'd in youth;
To find the friendship proffer'd now
Has more of treachery than truth.

To know that then in innocence
I breathed the prayer and bent my knee;
Laying my heart where altars blaze
With mercy's incense, pure and free.

And now to turn with blushing shame,
And find a guilty stain within,
Which darkly tells how much that heart
Hath learnt of folly and of sin.

Oh! there's a feeling undefined,
Which no philosophy can smother —
There is one string more finely tuned
Within my breast than any other.

'Tis that which rises keenly mute;
'Tis that which memory plays upon
When, lurking near some former haunt,
I muse, companionless, alone.

There seems a halo round the spot,
A mystic spell of joy and sorrow;
A pensive luxury of thought,
The soul from nowhere else can borrow.

But hold, my pen, thou'rt growing tired
Of this dull, moralizing strain;
I'll lay thee down, but still must wish
That I could be a child again.

TO FANCY.

Spirit of ethereal birth!
Aerial visitant of earth!
Flashing vivid through the soul,
Warm as the spark Prometheus stole;
Hither, Fancy, hither come;
'Neath thine iris wings I'll roam.

Take me to the crystal caves,
Glassy chambers of the waves;
Where the dolphin's golden back
Splashes gems around its track,
Cleaving through the rocky cells,
Green with weeds, and rich with shells;
Where the Nereids keep their court,
Where the mermaids hold their sport;
Where the syren sings to sleep
All the tenants of the deep;
Take me through the proud blue sea,
Show its beauties all to me!

Waft me where the stars appear,
Where the other worlds career;
Let me scan the dazzling scroll
God's hand only can unroll!
Let me hear the saints rejoice,
Giving praise with harp and voice;
Let me tread the welkin round,
Lull'd in soft Elysian sound;
Let me rove the fields of light,
Give their glories to my sight.

Take me where the fairies spring
Round about their moon-lit ring;
Where the dancing elfin sprites
Consecrate their mystic rites;
Lead where Hippocrene's bright fount
Gushes down the flowery mount;
Where Apollo's hand bestows
Fadeless wreaths on poets' brows.
Hither, Fancy, hither come;
'Neath thine iris wings I'll roam!

CHILDREN'S WELCOMING.

They were indeed a lovely group
Of happy sportive creatures,
With all of beauty that can dwell
In earthly forms and features.

There was a light in every eye,
A tint on every cheek,
So bright, so deep, that rarer ones
A limner would not seek.

They sprang about the spangled sod
Like young and gamesome deer;
And thrillingly their voices fell
Upon my heart and ear.

With minds of childish innocence
Unsullied and unbent;

Though living in a world of sin,
  They knew not what sin meant.

" Come on," they cried, " we've deck'd your seat
  With fresh pull'd oaken boughs;
We've gather'd flowers, and you must weave
  Them round about our brows.

" We've chas'd each other down the hill,
  And through the primrose vale,
But now we'll listen, while you sit
  And tell the promis'd tale.

" We've run to meet you at the gate,
  And watch'd and waited long:
Come on, come on—we're all right glad
  To have you in our throng."

And then the urchins, clamb'ring up,
  Gave many an earnest kiss;
And led me on, with wild delight,
  Towards their fields of bliss.

Oh, how I lov'd the fairy elves!
  I bless'd them, for I knew
Their inmost thoughts were on their lips,
  Their welcoming was *true.*

There was a strong endearing spell
  Around their artless ways;
I feared no treachery 'neath *their* smiles,
  No falsehood in *their* praise.

Let cynics sneer.—I sat me down
And wreath'd their waving hair;
And, pleased as they, 'twere hard to tell
Which heart was happiest there.

I bless'd them all; and much I doubt
If time will ever bring
Words to my ear more musical
Than children's welcoming.

HE LED HER TO THE ALTAR.

He led her to the altar,
But the bride was not his chosen:
He led her, with a hand as cold,
As though its pulse had frozen.
Flowers were crush'd beneath his tread,
A gilded dome was o'er him;
But his brow was damp, and his lips were pale,
As the marble steps before him.

His soul was sadly dreaming
Of one he had hoped to cherish;
Of a name and form that the sacred rites,
Beginning, told must perish.
He gazed not on the stars and gems
Of those who circled round him;
But trembled as his lips gave forth
The words that falsely bound him.

Many a voice was praising,
  Many a hand was proffer'd;
But mournfully he turn'd him
  From the greeting that was offer'd.
Despair had fixed upon his brow
  Its deepest, saddest token;
And the bloodless cheek, the stifled sigh,
  Betray'd his heart was broken.

THE OLD WATER-MILL.

And is this the old mill-stream that ten years ago
Was so fast in its current, so pure in its flow;
Whose musical waters would ripple and shine
With the glory and dash of a miniature Rhine?

Can this be its bed? I remember it well
When it sparkled like silver through meadow and dell;
When the pet-lamb reposed on its emerald side,
And the minnow and perch darted swift through its tide.

And here was the miller's house, peaceful abode!
Where the flower-twined porch drew all eyes from the road;
Where roses and jasmine embower'd a door
That never was closed to the wayworn or poor.

Where the miller, God bless him! oft gave us "a dance,"
And led off the ball with his soul in his glance;

T. Herbert, del.

E. Adams, sc.

The Mill is in ruins — No welcoming sound

In the Miastuff's quick bark and the wheels dashing round

The Old Water Mill

London: Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, 1840.

Who, forgetting grey hairs, was as loud in his mirth
As the veriest youngsters that circled his hearth.

Blind Ralph was the only musician we had,
But his tunes — oh! such tunes — would make any heart glad;
"The Roast Beef of Old England," and "Green grow the Rushes,"
Woke our eyes' brightest beams and our cheeks' warmest flushes.

No lustre resplendent its brilliancy shed,
But the wood fire blazed high, and the board was well spread;
Our seats were undamask'd, our partners were rough,
Yet, yet we were happy, and that was enough!

And here was the mill where we idled away
Our holiday hours on a clear summer day;
Where Roger, the miller's boy, loll'd on a sack,
And chorus'd his song to the merry click-clack.

But, lo! what rude sacrilege here hath been done?
The streamlet no longer purls on in the sun;
Its course has been turn'd, and the desolate edge
Is now mournfully cover'd with duck-weed and sedge.

The mill is in ruins. — No welcoming sound
In the mastiff's quick bark and the wheels dashing round;
The house, too, untenanted — left to decay —
And the miller, long dead: all I loved pass'd away!

This play-place of childhood was graved on my heart,
In rare Paradise colours that now must depart;
The old water-mill's gone, the fair vision is fled,
And I weep o'er its wreck as I do for the dead.

THE SACRILEGIOUS GAMESTERS.

The incident on which the following is founded is related (if my memory errs not) in a work entitled, "Sketches of a Sea Port Town."

The particulars of the circumstances I cannot remember; but the recital amounts to this. A traveller, passing through a country town in the dead of night, saw a light in the church, which equally excited his wonder and curiosity. He procured two companions, and, carrying a ladder, placed it against a window immediately above the altar, from which part the strongest light emanated. One of them ascended, and witnessed a scene of depravity perhaps unequalled. Three young men, of most abandoned character, were seated at the communion table, engaged in gambling. The wax candles were lighted; the sacramental wine reeked on their lips; and, to complete the impious orgie, they had exhumed a corpse, and set it at the table among them. The whole, it appeared, had originated in a drunken frolic; but the affair created so much horror and disgust that the wretched profligates who enacted it were eventually compelled to quit the town. This is the sole outline which my memory will afford: I have taken a little liberty with the subject, which, I believe, most scribblers are allowed to do.

A STRANGER journey'd through the town,
One dark and wintry night;
And, as he pass'd the ivied church,
He mark'd a flitting light.

It shed a restless waving gleam
Through the Gothic window pane;
And now it vanish'd for a space,
And now it came again.

He stood, and thought it wondrous strange
That such a scene should be;
He stood, and now the pale red beam
Shone strong and steadily.

He look'd around; all else was dark,
Not e'en a star was left;
The townsmen slumber'd, and he thought
Of sacrilege and theft.

He roused two sleepers from their beds,
And told what he had seen;
And they, like him, were curious
To know what it should mean.

They hied together to the church,
And heard strange sounds within
Of undistinguishable words,
And laughter's noisy din!

The window's high; a ladder, quick,
Is placed with stealthy care,
And one ascends—he looks below;
Oh! what a sight is there?

The white communion cloth is spread
With cards, and dice, and wine;
The flaming wax lights glare around,
The gilded sconces shine.

And three of earthly form have made
The altar-rail their seat,

With the Bible and the books of prayer
As foot-stools for their feet.

Three men, with flashing bloodshot eyes
And burning fever'd brows,
Have met within those holy walls
To gambol and carouse.

But the darkest work is not yet told:
Another guest is there,
With the earth-worm trailing o'er his cheek
To hide in his matted hair!

He lifted not the foaming cup,
He moved not in his place;
There was slime upon his livid lips,
And dust upon his face.

The foldings of a winding sheet
His body wrapp'd around,
And many a stain the vestment bore
Of the clay from the charnel ground.

A rent appear'd, where his wither'd hands
Fell out on the sacred board;
And between those hands a goblet stood,
In which bright wine was pour'd.

Oh! he was not like the other three,
But ghastly, foul, and cold;
He was seated there a stiffen'd corpse,
All horrid to behold.

He had been their mate for many a year,
  Their partner many a game;
He had shared alike their ill-got gold
  And their deeply tarnish'd fame.

He had died in the midst of his career,
  As the sinful ever die,
Without one prayer from a good man's heart,
  One tear from a good man's eye!

He had died a guilty one, unbless'd,
  Unwept, unmourn'd by all;
And scarce a footstep ever bent
  To his grave by the old church wall.

The other three had met that night,
  And revell'd in drunken glee,
And talk'd of him who a month ago
  Form'd one of their company.

They quaff'd another brimming glass,
  And a bitter oath they swore
That he who had joined their game so oft
  Should join their game once more.

And away they strode to the old church wall,
  Treading o'er skull and tomb,
And dragg'd him out triumphantly,
  In the midnight murky gloom.

They carry him down the chancel porch,
  And through the fretted aisle,

And many a heartless, fiendish laugh
Is heard to ring the while.

They place him at the hallow'd shrine,
They call upon his name,
They bid him wake to life again,
And play his olden game.

They deal the cards:—the ribbald jest
And pealing laugh ring on.
A stroke—a start—the echoing clock
Proclaims the hour of one!

And two of the three laugh louder still,
But the third stares wildly round:
He drops the cards, as if his hand
Were palsied at the sound!

His cheeks have lost their deepen'd flush,
His lips are of paler hue,
And fear hath fallen on the heart
Of the youngest of that crew!

His soul is not yet firmly bound
In the fetters of reckless sin!
Depravity hath not yet wrought
Its *total* work within!

The strong potation of the night
Drown'd all that might remain
Of feeling; and his hand shrunk not
While madness fired his brain!

But now the charm hath lost its spell,
The heated fumes have passed;
And banish'd reason to her throne,
Usurp'd, advances fast.

He rises—staggers—looks again
Upon the shrouded dead!
A shudder steals upon his frame:
His vaunted strength is fled!

He doubts—he dreams—can, can it be?
A mist is o'er his eyes;
He stands aghast.—"Oh! what is this?
Where? where?"—he wildly cries.

"Where am I?—see the altar-piece—
The Holy Bible: say—
Is this the place where I was brought
A tiny boy to pray?

"The church—the church-yard too—I know
I have been *there* to-night;
For what? Ha! mercy! see that corpse!
Oh, hide me from the light!

"I have been deemed a profligate,
A gamester, and a knave,
But ne'er was known to scoff at God
Or violate the grave!

"I've long been what man should not be,
But not what I am now.

Oh help me! help! My tongue is parch'd!
There's fire upon my brow!

"Oh, save me! hide me from myself!
I feel my pulses start:
The horror of this drunken crime
Hath fixed upon my heart!

"Again! I feel the rushing blood!
I die!—the unforgiven!
Again, it comes; all—all is dark—
I choke—Oh! mercy, Heaven!"

One struggling groan—he reels—he falls—
On the altar-steps he lies;
And the others gasp with fear, for now
Two corpses meet their eyes!

But, hark! swift footsteps echo round:
Encircled now they stand:
Surpris'd, detected, they are seized
By many a grappling hand.

And soon the dreadful tale is spread,
And many a finger raised
To point them out; while the list'ning one
Looks fearfully amaz'd.

They are shunn'd by all; the son, the sire,
The heedless and the gay;
Their old associates leave their side,
And turn another way.

Hate, shame, and scorn, have set a mark
Upon them. One by one,
Of all they knew, forsakes their path,
Till they are left alone.

And they have sought another land,
And breathe another clime;
Where men may deem them fellow-men,
Nor hear their blasting crime!

And gossips, in their native town,
Even now are heard to tell
Of the sacrilegious crew that turn'd
The old church to a hell.

DUNCAN LEE.

The owl hath left its hiding place;
The mist is o'er the sea;
And wistfully her longing eyes
Look out for Duncan Lee.
The maid who seeks the meeting spot
Is ne'er the child of pride;
She has no circlet round her arm,
No greyhound by her side.
But ah! her brow betrays a soul
As deep as soul can be;
And dearer to that soul than life
Is gallant Duncan Lee!

" Where, where," she cries,
" My Duncan, art thou roving?
The hour is pass'd, but yet
I cannot doubt thy loving."

And now there moves a restless form
Within the castle hall;
It steals from out the noisy group,
And quits the silk hung wall.
'Tis Duncan Lee, the wealthy heir
To all Cathullin's lands;
Whose name and tartan keep their place
Among the kilted bands.
The sire hath listen'd to his son;
The son hath fondly sued;
The laird hath given the boy his will,
To wed the one he's woo'd,
Who still is crying, " Where,
My Duncan, art thou roving?
The hour is past, but yet
I cannot doubt thy loving."

And now the foot of Duncan Lee
Is dashing through the heather;
And now the moon peeps out, and finds
The beauteous pair together.
Oh! what hallow'd bliss is there,
What rapture in their greeting;
Her face is flush'd with many a smile,
His heart is wildly beating.
And soft he whispers in her ear,
" To-morrow thou shalt be,

Before the face of heaven and earth,
The bride of Duncan Lee!"
No more she's heard to cry,
"Where, Duncan, art thou roving?"
The bridal day is past,
Their hearts are blest in loving.

MY NATIVE HOME.

I'm back again! I'm back again!
My foot is on the shore;
I tread the bright and grassy plain
Of my native home once more.
My early love! my early love!
Oh! will she love me now?
With a darken'd tinge upon my cheek,
And scars upon my brow.
Yes, that she will! yes, that she will!
The flame her youth confess'd
Will never lack its warmth, within
Her pure and constant breast.
I'm back again! I'm back again!
My foot is on the shore;
I tread the bright and grassy plain
Of my native home once more.

My early friend! my early friend!
Oh! will he stretch his hand,
To welcome back the wanderer
To his long forsaken land?

Yes, that he will! yes, that he will!
The vow in boyhood spoken,
The vow so fond, so true as ours,
Can ne'er be lightly broken.
Hail, native clime! hail, native clime!
Land of the brave and free!
Though long estranged, thy exile ranged,
His heart comes back to thee.
I'm back again! I'm back again!
My foot is on the shore;
I tread the bright and grassy plain
Of my native home once more.

WINTER.

Winter is coming! who cares? who cares?
Not the wealthy and proud I trow;
"Let it come," they cry, "what matters to us
How chilly the blast may blow?

"We'll feast and carouse in our lordly halls,
The goblet of wine we'll drain;
We'll mock at the wind with shouts of mirth,
And music's echoing strain.

"Little care we for the biting frost,
While the fire gives forth its blaze;
What to us is the dreary night,
While we dance in the waxlight's rays?"

'Tis thus the rich of the land will talk;
But think! oh, ye pompous great,
That the harrowing storm *ye* laugh at within
Falls bleak on the *poor at your gate!*

They have blood in their veins, aye, pure as thine!
But nought to quicken its flow;—
They have limbs that feel the whistling gale,
And shrink from the driving snow.

Winter is coming—oh! think, ye great,
On the roofless, naked and old;
Deal with them kindly, as man with man,
And spare them a tithe of your gold!

LOVE.

'Tis well to wake the theme of love
When chords of wild ecstatic fire
Fling from the harp, and amply prove
The soul as joyous as the lyre.

Such theme is blissful when the heart
Warms with the precious name we pour;
When our deep pulses glow and start
Before the idol we adore.

Sing ye, whose doating eyes behold,
Whose ears can drink the dear one's tone,

Whose hands may press, whose arms may fold,
The prized, the beautiful, thine own.

But, should the ardent hopes of youth
Have cherish'd dreams that darkly fled;
Should passion, purity, and truth,
Live on, despairing o'er the dead;

Should we have heard some sweet voice hush'd,
Breathing our name in latest vow;
Should our fast heavy tears have gush'd
Above a cold, yet worshipp'd brow;

Oh! say, then can the minstrel choose
The themes that gods and mortals praise?
No, no; the spirit will refuse,
And sadly shun such raptured lays.

For who can bear to touch the string
That yields but anguish in its strain;
Whose lightest notes have power to wring
The keenest pangs from breast and brain?

"Sing ye of love in words that burn,"
Is what full many a lip will ask;
But love the dead, and ye will learn
Such bidding is no gentle task.

Oh! pause in mercy, ere ye blame
The one who lends not love his lyre;
That which *ye* deem ethereal flame
May be to *him* a torture pyre.

SONG OF THE SEA-GULLS.

Birds of the land, ye may carol and fly
O'er the golden corn 'neath a harvest sky;
Your portion is fair 'mid fields and flowers,
But it is not so broad or so free as ours.
Ye are content with the groves and the hills,
Ye feed in the valleys and drink at the rills;
But what are the joys of the forest and plain
To those we find on the fresh wide main?

Birds of the land, ye rear your broods
In the lofty tree or tangled woods,
Where the branch may be reft by the howling wind,
Or the prowling schoolboy seek and find;
But we roost high on the beetling rock,
That firmly stands the hurricane's shock.
Our callow young may rest in a home
Where no shot can reach and no footstep come.

Birds of the land, ye shrink and hide
As the tempest-cloud spreads black and wide;
Your songs are hush'd in cowering fear
As the startling thunder-clap breaks near;
But the brave gull soars while the deluge pours,
While the stout ship groans and the keen blast roars.
Oh! the sea-gull leads the gayest life
While the storm-fiends wage their fiercest strife.

We lightly skim o'er the breaker's dash,
Where timbers strike with parting crash;

We play round the dark hull, sinking fast,
And find a perch on the tottering mast;
More loud and glad is our shrieking note
As the planks and spars of the wreck'd bark float.
There live we in revelling glee,
'Mid the whistling gale and raging sea.

We are not caught and caged to please
The fondled heirs of wealth and ease;
The hands of beauty never come
With soft caress or dainty crumb;
We are not the creatures of petted love,
We have not the fame of the lark or dove;
But our screaming tone rings harsh and wild,
To glad the ears of the fisher's child.

He hears our pinions flapping by,
And follows our track with wistful eye,
As we leave the clouds with rapid whirl
To dive 'neath the water's sweeping curl.
He laughs to see us plunge and lave
While the northern gale is waking the wave;
And dances about, 'mid sand and spray,
To mimic the sea-gull's merry play.

We hold our course o'er the deep or the land,
O'er the swelling tide or weed-grown strand;
We are safe and joyous when mad waves roll,
We sport o'er the whirlpool, the rock, and the shoal;—
Away on the winds we plume our wings,
And soar the freest of all free things.
Oh! the sea-gull leads a merry life
In the glassy calm or tempest strife.

OUR NATIVE SONG.

Our native song! our native song!
Oh! where is he who loves it not?
The spell it holds is deep and strong,
Where'er we go, whate'er our lot.
Let other music greet our ear
With thrilling fire or dulcet tone;
We speak to praise, we pause to hear,
But yet—oh! yet—'tis not our own!
The anthem chant, the ballad wild,
The notes that we remember long—
The theme we sung with lisping tongue—
'Tis *this* we love—our native song!

The one who bears the felon's brand,
With moody brow and darken'd name,
Thrust meanly from his father land,
To languish out a life of shame;
Oh! let him hear some simple strain—
Some lay his mother taught her boy—
He'll feel the charm, and dream again
Of home, of innocence, and joy!
The sigh will burst, the drops will start,
And all of virtue, buried long—
The best, the purest in his heart,
Is weaken'd by his native song.

Self-exiled from our place of birth,
To climes more fragrant, bright, and gay,

The memory of our own fair earth
May chance awhile to fade away:
But should some minstrel echo fall,
Of chords that breathe Old England's fame,
Our souls will burn, our spirits yearn,
True to the land we love and claim.
The high! the low! in weal or woe,
Be sure there's something coldly wrong
About the heart that does not glow
To hear its own, its native song.

ON SEEING A BIRD-CATCHER.

Health in his rags, content upon his face,
He goes th' enslaver of a feather'd race:
So hearts, like warblers, may be lured and caught;
The one to sing, the other break, for sport!

SIR HAROLD THE HUNTER.

Sir Harold, the hunter, was rarely seen
At rest in his lordly home:
But, roughly clad in his forester's green,
Far over the hills he'd roam.
With his hounds, and his bugle, he greeted the dawn,
Tracing the roebuck's track;
Oft was he seen, at the rosy morn,
With the wild fawn slung at his back.

Merrily caroll'd the bold young knight,—
" No love, no bride for me;
I'll never go wooing to beauty bright,
But live as a hunter free."

Sir Harold, the hunter, what ails him now?
His beautiful dogs are at play;
He has thrown aside the twanging bow;
His tunic is courtly and gay!
His quiver is hung where the barbs may rust,
On high with his hunting spear;
His echoing bugle is covered with dust,
And a softer note comes near.
Sir Harold is singing, beneath the moon,—
" List, dearest Ella, to me:
Life to thy knight is a joyless boon
If he's parted long from thee."

Sir Harold, the hunter, is often known
To go forth at the sun-set hour:
He roves in the twilight—but roves not alone:
He leads a fair maid from her bower.
He has doff'd his belt and forester's green,
And shines in a bridal suit.
Wooing, and wedding, is there, I ween,
With the priest, the dance, and the lute.
Merrily carols the gay young knight,—
" Love and my bride for me:
'Tis better to kneel to beauty bright
Than live as a hunter free."

LOCH LEVEN'S GENTLE STREAM.

I've gaz'd upon the rapid Rhine,
I've seen its waters foam and shine;
I've watch'd its cascades, wild and bright,
Leap proudly on, in rainbow light:
Its waves have charm'd my dazzled eye,
Like molten silver dashing by:—
Still, still, I could not love the Rhine!
The land it water'd was not mine!
I sigh'd to see the moon's mild beam
Fall on Loch Leven's gentle stream!

I've wander'd by the placid Rhone,
When night was on her starry throne;
I've look'd upon the Tiber's tide,
And pluck'd the wild flowers by its side;
I've heard the gondolier's wild note
O'er the lagoons' fair waters float:—
Still, still, I turn'd, with willing feet,
My native north again to greet!
Again to see the moon's mild beam
Fall on Loch Leven's gentle stream!

MUSIC.

Oh! music! gentle music!
There's a magic in thy strain;

Come where thou wilt, in lady's bower,
Or on the battle plain.
The wild harp hath a witching spell
About its silver strings;
Can ought on earth excel the charm
Its pensive breathing flings?
Tis music's, gentle music's power,
That steals the list'ning soul away,
Till man, entranc'd in rapture's dream,
Forgets he wears a form of clay.

Oh! music! stirring music!
I have seen the war-steed rest,
With dust upon his tired limbs,
And white foam on his chest;
Stretch'd, quivering with many a wound,
Upon the red sod lying;
His rider leaves him, for he deems
The gallant charger dying;
But hark! he hears the trumpet's blast,
He starts, he shakes his clotted mane;
Music! bold music! fires his blood,
And brings him to the ranks again.

Oh! music! mighty music!
Thou art all of bliss on earth;
Thou giv'st the lovers' moonlight tale
And poets' song their birth.
There's not a heart, however rude,
However base it be,
But hath some slender string that yields
An answering tone to thee!

With promis'd music heaven allures,
With golden harps, and cherubs' love;
Rejoice then! that we have below
A foretaste of the bliss above!

STANZAS.

The wild bee and the butterfly
Are bright and happy things to see;
Living beneath a summer sky
And nestling in an orange tree.

The eagle, monarch of the rocks,
Soars nobly in his lonely flight,
'Mid lightning streams and thunder shocks,
The bird of freedom, strength, and might.

The graceful chamois bounding leaps
Where other steps would pause and shrink;
He spans the gulf, he climbs the steeps,
And sports upon the topmost brink.

Blest things of earth, the bright, the brave,
In lands of serfdom still the free;
Yet not one privilege ye have
Is sought or coveted by me.

But I have heard an eastern tale
Of creature patient, mild, and fair,

Whose faith is never known to fail
Till man gives more than brute should bear.

Then, meekly proud, its head is bowed,
With wrong and suffering oppressed,
To breathe its gentle life away,
And sink at once in death and rest.

This is the privilege I'd ask
When throbbing pulse and aching brow
Betray how sadly dark the task
The soul may have to learn below.

Oh! I have lived through many an hour
That bade my writhing spirit cry—
"Give me the Lama's fabled power:
Break, break, my heart, and let me die."

THE DEAD.

When the clear red sun goes down,
Passing in glory away;
And night is spreading her twilight frown
On the open brow of day;—
When the faintest glimmering trace is gone,
And all of light is fled;
Then, then does memory, sad and lone,
Call back the dear ones dead.

When the harp's soul-touching chord
Is roughly fray'd and torn;
When of all tones the string that pour'd
The fullest is outworn;
When it is heard to breathe and break,
Its latest magic shed;
Then, then will my warm heart bleed and ache,
And cherish the kind ones dead.

When the elm's rich leaf is seen
Losing its freshness fast,
And paleness steals on its vivid green,
As the autumn wind moans past;
When it eddies to the cold damp ground,
All crush'd beneath the tread;
Then, then may the tear in my eye be found,
For I muse on the fair ones dead.

For, like that orb of light,
That chord, and shining leaf,
Forms were once near as rare and bright,
And oh! their stay as brief.
I watch'd them fading—I saw them sink,
Light, beauty, sweetness fled;
And a type of their being bids me think
Too fondly of the dead.

The sun will rise again,
The string may be replaced,
The tree will bloom—but the loved in the tomb
Leaves the world for ever waste.

Let earth yield all the joys it may,
Still should I bow my head;
Still would my lonely breathing say,
Give, give me back the dead.

As the thickest verdure springs
From the ashes of decay;
And the living ivy closest clings
To the ruins cold and grey:
So my feelings most intense and deep
By the shrouded and lost are fed;
So my thoughts will yearn, and my spirit turn,
To be nurtured by the dead.

DINNA FORGET ME.

The last time we roved through Lochaber's dark glen,
When the red blooming heather wi' night-dew was wet,
You ken, bonnie lass, what you promised me then;
You canna forget, love! you canna forget!

You said when the harvest moon blink'd forth again,
When the gowans' gay hues and the simmer-beams met,
That the kirk and the goud ring should make you my ain.
Dinna forget, love! oh, dinna forget!

And now the sun glitters o'er brae, and through birk;
Though late in the gloaming his bray lingers yet:
Simmer is come, love; the ring and the kirk
Dinna forget, love! oh, dinna forget!

THE THAMES.

Let the Rhine be blue and bright
In its path of liquid light,
Where the red grapes fling a beam
Of glory on the stream;
Let the gorgeous beauty there
Mingle all that's rich and fair;
Yet to me it ne'er could be
Like that river, great and free,
The Thames! the mighty Thames!

Though it bear no azure wave,
Though no pearly foam may lave,
Or leaping cascades pour
Their rainbows on its shore;
Yet I ever chose to dwell
Where I heard its gushing swell;
And never skimm'd its breast,
But I warmly praised and blest
The Thames! the mighty Thames!

Can ye find in all the world
A braver flag unfurl'd
Than that which floats above
The stream I sing and love?
Oh! what a burning glow
Has thrill'd my breast and brow,
To see that proud flag come
With glory to its home.
The Thames! the mighty Thames!

Yet to me it never would be
Like that river, great and free.
The Thames! the mighty Thames!
The Thames

London Thames The Fleet Street

Did ribs more firm and fast
E'er meet the shot or blast
Than the gallant barks that glide
On its full and steady tide ?
Would ye seek a dauntless crew,
With hearts to dare and hands to do ?
You'll find the foe proclaims
They are cradled on the Thames,
The Thames ! the mighty Thames !

They say the mountain child
Oft loves his torrent wild
So well that should he part
He breaks his pining heart.
He grieves with smother'd sighs
Till his wearing spirit dies.
And so I yearn to thee,
Thou river of the free,
My own, my native Thames !

SONG OF THE MARINERS.

The miser will hold his darling gold
Till his eyes are glazed and his hands are cold;
The minstrel one to his wild lyre clings
As though its chords were his own heart-strings;
No dearer boon will the reveller ask
Than the draught that deepens the purple flask;
But the firmest love-link that can be
Chains the mariners bold to the pathless sea.

Choose ye who will earth's dazzling bowers,
But the great and glorious sea be ours;
Give us, give us the dolphin's home,
With the speeding keel and splashing foam:
Right merry are we as the sound bark springs
On her lonely track like a creature of wings.
Oh, the mariner's life is blythe and gay,
When the sky is fair and the ship on her way.

We love the perilous sea, because
It will not bend to man or his laws;
It ever hath roll'd the uncontroll'd,
It cannot be warp'd to fashion or mould:
Now quiet and fair as a sleeping child;
Now rousing in tempests madly wild;
And who shall wean the mighty flood
From its placid dream, or passionate mood?

We are not so apt to forget our God
As those who dwell on the dry safe sod;
For we know each leaping wave we meet
May be a crystal winding sheet;
We know each blustering gale that blows
May requiem to a last repose;
And the chafing tide, as it roars and swells,
Hath as solemn a tone as the calling bells.

The land has its beauty, its sapphire and rose;
But look on the colours the bright main shows,
While each billow flings from its pearly fringe
The lucid jewels of rainbow tinge.

Go, mark the waters at sunny noon,
Go, float beneath the full clear moon,
And cold is the spirit that wakes not there
With wondering praise and worshipping prayer.

'Tis true, we may sink 'mid deluge and blast,
But we cope with the strong, we are quell'd by the vast;
And a noble urn is the founder'd wreck,
Though no incense may burn, and no flower may deck.
We need no stately funeral car;
But, tangled with salt weeds and lash'd to a spar,
Down, down below the mariners go,
While thunders volley and hurricanes blow.

But little do we bold mariners care
What hour we fall, or what risk we dare,
For the groan on the struggling sailor's lip
Is less for himself than his dying ship.
Oh! ours is the life for the free and the brave;
We dance o'er the planks that may yawn as a grave,
We laugh 'mid the foam of our perilous home,
And are ready for death whene'er it may come.

ROVER'S SONG.

I'm afloat! I'm afloat on the fierce rolling tide;
The ocean's my home! and my bark is my bride!
Up—up with my flag! let it wave o'er the sea;
I'm afloat! I'm afloat! and the rover is free!

I fear not a monarch — I heed not the law;
I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to draw;
And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel,
While my guns carry shot, or my belt bears a steel!

Quick — quick — trim her sails; let her sheets kiss the wind;
And I warrant we'll soon leave the sea-gull behind;
Up — up with my flag! let it wave o'er the sea!
I'm afloat! I'm afloat! and the rover is free!

The night gathers o'er us; the thunder is heard;
What matter? our vessel skims on like a bird;
What to her is the dash of the storm-ridden main?
She has braved it before, and will brave it again!

The fire-gleaming flashes around us may fall;
They may strike; they may cleave; but they cannot appal.
With lightnings above us, and darkness below,
Through the wild waste of waters right onward we go!

Hurrah! my brave crew! ye may drink; ye may sleep;
The storm-fiend is hush'd; we're alone on the deep;
Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea;
Hurrah, boys! hurrah, boys! the rover is free!

WEDDING BELLS.

Twilight shade is calmly falling
Round about the dew-robed flowers;
Philomel's lone song is calling
Lovers to their fairy bowers;

Echo, on the zephyrs gliding,
Bears a voice that seems to say,
"Ears and hearts, come, list my tiding,
This has been a wedding-day."

Hark! the merry chimes are pealing,
Soft and glad the music swells;
Gaily on the night-wind stealing,
Sweetly sound the wedding bells.

Every simple breast rejoices;
Laughter rides upon the gale;
Happy hearts and happy voices
Dwell within the lowly vale.

Oh, how sweet, on zephyrs gliding,
Sound the bells that seem to say,
"Ears and hearts, come, list my tiding,
This has been a wedding-day."

Hark! the merry chimes are pealing,
Soft and glad the music swells;
Gaily on the night-wind stealing,
Sweetly sound the wedding bells.

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

'Tis the streamer of England—it floats o'er the brave—
'Tis the fairest unfurl'd o'er the land or the wave;
But though brightest in story and matchless in fight,
'Tis the herald of mercy as well as of might.
In the cause of the wrong'd may it ever be first—
When tyrants are humbled and fetters are burst:
Be "Justice" the war-shout, and dastard is he
Who would scruple to die 'neath the flag of the free!

It may trail o'er the halyards a bullet-torn rag,
Or flutter in shreds from the battlement crag;
Let the shot whistle through it as fast as it may,
Till it sweep the last glorious tatter away.
What matter! we'd hoist the blue jacket on high,
Or the soldier's red sash from the spear-head should fly.
Though it were but a ribbon, the foeman should see
The proud signal, and own it—the flag of the free!

Have we ever look'd out from a far foreign shore,
To mark the gay pennon each passing ship bore;
And watch'd every speck that arose on the foam,
In hope of glad tidings from country and home:—
Has our straining eye caught the loved colours at last,
And seen the dear bark bounding on to us fast?—
Then, then have our hearts learnt how precious can be
The fair streamer of England—the flag of the free!

THE BRAVE.

For whom are your gyves? for the cowardly one,
Who would strike in the dark, and steal back in the sun?
For the felon who never hath used his right hand
But to injure his brothers and merit the brand?
Go, fetter the traitor and dastardly spy;
Let them joylessly live and despairingly die:
They are guerdon'd right well with the doom of the slave;
But away with your chains from the *honestly* brave!

Could a Wallace or Washington—spirits divine!
Live on as the captured to languish and pine?
Should earth show a wall as the dungeon of such,
Or aught like a fetter profane with its touch?
No, no! when the destiny woven by fate
Gives us power to trample and vanquish the great,
Strike, strike in pure mercy; 'twere torture to save;
Fell at once, but oh! forge not a link for the brave.

The lion may yield—let him sink, let him bleed;
But seek not to tame him, to bind, and to lead.
Launch thy barb, bring the proud eagle down from his swoop;
But a curse on the hand that would build him a coop.
Oh, give not the noble one trammels to wear,
Till the heart strings are snapp'd by the pressure they bear:
Let him fall like the free—give him death and a grave;
But never, in mercy, place chains on the brave!

THE STAR OF MY HOME.

I REMEMBER the days when my spirit would turn
From the fairest of scenes and the sweetest of song,
When the hearth of the stranger seem'd coldly to burn,
And the moments of pleasure for me were too long;
For one name and one form shone in glory and light,
And lur'd back from all that might tempt me to roam.
The festal was joyous, but was not so bright
As the smile of a mother, the star of my home!

I remember the days when the tear fill'd my eye,
And the heaving sob wildly disturb'd my young breast;
But the hand of that lov'd one the lashes would dry,
And her soothing voice lull my chaf'd bosom to rest.
The sharpest of pain and the saddest of woes,
The darkest, the deepest of shadows might come;
Yet each wound had its balm, while my soul could repose
On the heart of a mother, the star of my home!

But now let me rove the wide world as I may,
There's no form to arise as a magnet for me;
I can rest amid strangers, and laugh with the gay —
Content with the pathway, where'er it may be.
Let sorrow or pain fling their gloomiest cloud,
There's no haven to shelter, no beacon to save;
For the rays that e'er led me are quench'd by the shroud,
And the star of my home has gone down in the grave.

THROUGH THE WATERS.

THROUGH the forest, through the forest, oh! who would not like to roam,
Where the squirrel leaps right gaily and the shy fawn makes a home;
Where branches, spreading high and wide, shut out the golden sun,
And hours of noontide steal away all shadowy and dun?
'Tis sweet to pluck the ivy sprigs or seek the hidden nest,
To track the spot where owlets hide and wild deer take their rest;
Through the forest, through the forest, oh, 'tis passing sweet to take
Our lonely way 'mid springy moss, thick bush, and tangled brake.

Through the valley, through the valley, where the glittering harebells peep,
Where laden bees go droning by, and hum themselves to sleep;
Where all that's bright with bloom and light springs forth to greet the day,
And every blade pours incense to the warm and cloudless ray;
Where children come to laugh away their happy summer hours,
To chase the downy butterfly, or crown themselves with flowers:

Through the valley, through the valley, oh! who does not like to bask
Amid the fairest beauties Heaven can give or man can ask?

Through the desert, through the desert, where the Arab takes his course,
With none to bear him company except his gallant horse;
Where none can question will or right, where landmarks ne'er impede,
But all is wide and limitless to rider and to steed.
No purling streamlet murmurs there, no chequer'd shadows fall;
'Tis torrid, waste, and desolate, but free to each and all.
Through the desert, through the desert! Oh, the Arab would not change
For purple robes or olive trees his wild and burning range.

Through the waters, through the waters, ah! be this the joy for me,
Upon the flowing river or the broad and dashing sea;
Of all that wealth could offer me the choicest boon I'd crave
Would be a bold and sturdy bark upon the open wave.
I love to see the wet sails fill before the whistling breath,
And feel the ship cleave on as though she spurn'd the flood beneath.
Through the waters, through the waters, can ye tell me what below
Is freer than the wind-lash'd main, or swifter than the prow?

I love to see the merry craft go running on her side;
I laugh to see her splashing on before the rapid tide;
I love to mark the white and hissing foam come boiling up,
Fresh as the froth that hangs about the Thunderer's nectar cup.
All sail away: ah! who would stay to pace the dusty land
If once they trod a gallant ship, steer'd by a gallant band.
Through the waters, through the waters, oh! there's not a joy for me
Like racing with the gull upon a broad and dashing sea!

STANZAS TO THE YOUNG.

Long have the wisest lips confess'd
That minstrel ones are far from wrong
Who "point a moral" in a jest,
Or yield a sermon in a song.

So be it! Listen ye who will,
And, though my harp be roughly strung,
Yet never shall its lightest thrill
Offend the old or taint the young.

Mark me! I ne'er presume to teach
The man of wisdom, grey and sage:
'Tis to the growing I would preach
From moral text and mentor page.

First, I would bid thee cherish truth,
As leading star in virtue's train:
Folly may pass, nor tarnish youth,
But falsehood leaves a poison stain.

Keep watch, nor let the burning tide
Of impulse break from all control:
The best of hearts needs pilot-guide
To steer it clear from error's shoal.

One wave of passion's boiling flood
May all the sea of life disturb;
And steeds of good but fiery blood
Will rush on death without a curb.

Think on the course ye fain would run,
And moderate the wild desire;
There's many a one would drive the sun,
Only to set the world on fire.

Slight not the one of honest worth,
Because no star adorns his breast:
The lark soars highest from the earth,
Yet ever leaves the lowest nest.

Heed but the bearing of a tree,
And if it yield a wholesome fruit,
A shallow, envious fool is he
Who spurns it for its forest root.

Let fair humanity be thine,
To fellow man and meanest brute:

'Tis nobly taught; the code's divine—
Mercy is God's chief attribute.

The coward wretch whose hand and heart
Can bear to torture ought below
Is ever first to quail and start
From slightest pain or equal foe.

Be not too ready to condemn
The wrong thy brothers may have done;
Ere ye too harshly censure them
For human faults, ask—"Have I none?"

Live that thy young and glowing breast
Can think of death without a sigh;
And be assured *that* life is best
Which finds us least afraid to die!

A HOME IN THE HEART.

Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;
Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.
But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love once awakened will never depart;
Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care;
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.
Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,
The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start,
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

THE HOMES OF THE DEAD.

We must not make a home for the dead,
Nor raise an osier'd mound,
Till the eloquent prayer and priestly tread
Have sanctified the ground.

But there are those who fall and die
Upon the desert land,
With no pall above but the torrid sky,
No bier but the scorching sand.

No turf is laid, no sexton's spade
Chimes in wth the mourner's groans;
But the prowling jackall finds a feast,
And the red sun crumbles the bones.

There are those who go down in the dark wild sea,
When storms have wreck'd proud ships,
With none to heed what the words may be
That break from their gurgling lips.

No anthem peal flows sweet and loud,
No tablets mark their graves
But they soundly sleep in a coral shroud
To the dirge of the rolling waves.

There are those who sink on the mountain path,
With cold and curdling blood;
With the frozen sleet for a funeral sheet,
And no mates but the vulture brood:

No tolling bell proclaims their knell,
No memory stone is found;
But the snow-drift rests on their skeleton breasts,
And the bleaching winds sweep round.

There are those who fall on the purple field,
In glory's mad career;
Their dying couch — a batter'd shield,
Their cross of faith — a spear:

No priest has been there with robes and prayer
To consecrate the dust;
Where the soldier sleeps his steed sleeps too,
And his gore-stain'd weapons rust.

No cypress waves, no daisy grows,
Above such pillows of rest;
Yet say, are the riteless graves of those
Unholy or unblest?

'Tis well to find our last repose
'Neath the churchyard's sacred sod;
But those who sleep in the desert or deep
Are watch'd by the self-same God.

STANZAS.

They tell us that the deep sea hath
More dangers than the shore;
They whisper tales of ocean wrath,
And breakers' deadly roar.
How oft the ruddy cheek will pale
To leave the earth behind;
How oft the glowing heart will quail
Before the tempest wind:
We fear the billows' dash, but why?
There's One to guard and save;
There's One whose wide and watchful eye
Sleeps not above the wave.

Why should the soul withdraw its trust
Upon the foamy track?
He who gave life, all wise and just,
Knows when to ask it back.
Though death were nigh, I would not shrink;
My faith, my hope, should rest
Upon a Maker's will, and think
Whate'er He will'd the best.
I'd ever trust the ruling hand,
Howe'er the storm might rave,
For He who watches o'er the land
Sleeps not above the wave.

PRAYER.

How purely true, how deeply warm,
The inly-breathed appeal may be,
Though adoration wears no form,
In upraised hand or bended knee.
One spirit fills all boundless space,
No limit to the when or where;
And little recks the time or place
That leads the soul to praise and prayer.

Father above, Almighty one,
Creator, is that worship vain
That hails each mountain as thy throne,
And finds an universal fane?
When shining stars, or spangled sod,
Call forth devotion, who shall dare
To blame, or tell me that a God
Will never deign to hear such prayer?

Oh, prayer is good when many pour
Their voices in one solemn tone;
Conning their sacred lessons o'er,
Or yielding thanks for mercies shown.
'Tis good to see the quiet train
Forget their worldly joy and care,
While loud response and choral strain
Re-echo in the house of prayer.

But often have I stood to mark
The setting sun and closing flower;
When silence and the gathering dark
Shed holy calmness o'er the hour.
Lone on the hills, my soul confess'd
More wrapt and burning homage there,
And served the Maker it address'd
With stronger zeal and closer prayer.

When watching those we love and prize,
Till all of life and hope be fled;
When we have gazed on sightless eyes,
And gently stayed the falling head;
Then what can soothe the stricken heart,
What solace overcome despair;
What earthly breathing can impart
Such healing balm as lonely prayer?

When fears and perils thicken fast,
And many dangers gather round;
When human aid is vain and past,
No mortal refuge to be found;
Then can we firmly lean on heaven,
And gather strength to meet and bear:
No matter where the storm has driven,
A saving anchor lives in prayer.

Oh, God! how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the bless'd decree,
That grace can e'er be found when sought,
And nought shut out the soul from Thee.

The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,
The flame may scorch, the rack may tear;
But torture-stake, or prison-wall,
Can be endured with faith and prayer.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom;
In grateful joy, in trying pain;
In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb;
Oh when is prayer unheard or vain?
The Infinite, the King of kings,
Will never heed the when or where;
He'll ne'er reject a heart that brings
The offering of fervent prayer.

THE KING'S OLD HALL.

Few ages since, and wild echoes awoke
In thy sweeping dome and panelling oak;
Thy seats were fill'd with a princely band,
Rulers of men and lords of the land.
Loudly they raved, and gaily they laugh'd,
O'er the golden chalice and sparkling draught;
And the glittering board and gem-studded plume
Proclaim'd thee a monarch's revelling room.

But now the spider is weaving his woof,
Making his loom of thy sculptured roof;
The slug is leaving his slimy stain,
Trailing his way o'er thy Gothic pane;

Weeds have gather'd and moss hath grown
On thy topmost ridge and lowest stone;
And the wheeling bat comes flapping his wing
On the walls that circled a banquetting king.

The idle stare and vulgar tread
May fall where the regal train was spread;
The gloomy owl may hide its nest,
And the speckled lizard safely rest.
Who were the revellers? where are their forms?
Go to the charnel, and ask of the worms.
They are low in the dust, forgotten and pass'd,
And the pile they raised is following fast.

Oh, man, vain man! how futile your aim,
When building your temples to pleasure and fame!
Go, work for heaven with faith and care;
Let good works secure thee a mansion there.
For the palace of pageantry crumbles away;
Its beauty and strength are mock'd by decay;
And a voice from the desolate halls of kings
Cries, "Put not your trust in corrupted things!"

THE LAST LOOK.

Long, long had he waned from life, but now
Strange faintness drain'd his breath;
An icy paleness stole to his brow—
The shadow of coming death.

He gazed around the little room
  Where his happiest hours had been spent,
Conning the page of poet and sage,
  Or holding merriment:
He felt he was dying, and calmly took
A sad, a long, last farewell look.

He threw a glance on all he prized—
  A glance that was glazing and dim:
He mark'd the lute unstrung and mute,
  To be woke no more by him:
He dwelt where the precious volumes lay—
  Those treasures of pure delight,
That had charm'd away the lonely day,
  And solaced the sleepless night—
Cherish'd till they had form'd a part
Of idols closest to his heart.

He raised his eye, with a gentle sigh,
  To the picture-blazon'd wall,
And his father's portrait met him there,
  The dearest thing of all!
He fix'd his gaze, and a tremour pass'd,
  Betraying some sudden pain:
His dark lids fell; that look was the last!
  He raised them not again:
He gasp'd, and murmur'd falteringly,
"Tis o'er; now lead me forth to die!"

But the sand was out, his drooping head
  Sunk heavily on his breast;

The chord had snapp'd, and his soul had fled
Where " the weary are at rest!"
Years have gone by, but memory still
E'er yields to his spirit's claim;
My cheek will whiten, my eye will fill,
To hear his whisper'd name;
For the moment passes when he took
His last, that long, that dying look.

THE SLUMBER OF DEATH.

Peaceful and fair is the smiling repose
That the breast-cradled slumber of infancy knows;
Sound is the rest of the weary and worn,
Whose feet have been gall'd with the dust and the thorn;

Sweet is the sleep on the eyelids of youth
When they dream of the world as all pleasure and truth:
Yet child, pilgrim, and youth, shall awaken again
To the journeys of toil and the trials of pain.

But, oh! there's a fast and a visionless sleep,
The calm and the stirless, the long and the deep:
'Tis the sleep that is soundest and sweetest of all,
When our couch is the bier and our night-robe the pall.

No voice of the foe or the friend shall impart
The proud flush to the cheek or warm throb to the heart:
The lips of the dearest may seek for the breath,
But their kiss cannot rouse the cold stillness of death.

'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,
When all sorrow has passed from the brow and the breast,
And the lone spirit truly and wisely may crave
The sleep that is dreamless — the sleep of the grave.

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Old Time has turned another page
Of eternity and truth;
He reads with a warning voice to age,
And whispers a lesson to youth.
A year has fled o'er heart and head
Since last the yule log burnt;
And we have a task to closely ask,
What the bosom and brain have learnt?
Oh! let us hope that our sands have run
With wisdom's precious grains;
Oh! may we find that our hands have done
Some work of glorious pains.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,
While the holly gleams above us;
With a pardon for the foes who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.

We may have seen some loved ones pass
To the land of hallow'd rest;
We may miss the glow of an honest brow
And the warmth of a friendly breast:

But if we nursed them while on earth,
With hearts all true and kind,
Will their spirits blame the sinless mirth
Of those true hearts left behind?
No, no! it were not well or wise
To mourn with endless pain;
There's a better world beyond the skies,
Where the good shall meet again.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,
While the holly gleams above us;
With a pardon for the foes who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.

Have our days rolled on serenely free
From sorrow's dim alloy?
Do we still possess the gifts that bless
And fill our souls with joy?
Are the creatures dear still clinging near?
Do we hear loved voices come?
Do we gaze on eyes whose glances shed
A halo round our home?
Oh, if we do, let thanks be pour'd
To Him who hath spared and given,
And forget not o'er the festive board
The mercies held from heaven.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,
While the holly gleams above us;
With a pardon for the foes who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.

OUR SAILORS AND OUR SHIPS.

How dashingly in sun and light the frigate makes her way,
Her white wings spreading full and bright beneath the glancing ray.
The gale may wake, but she will take whatever wind may come,
Fit car to bear the ocean-god upon his crystal home.
She cleaves the tide with might and pride, like war-horse free'd from rein,
She treats the wave like abject slave—the empress of the main.
All, all shall mark the gallant bark, their hearts upon their lips,
And cry, "Old England, who shall match thy sailors and thy ships?"

Stout forms, strong arms, and dauntless spirits, dwell upon the deck;
True to their cause in calm or storm, in battle or in wreck.
No foe will meet a coward hand, faint heart, or quailing eye:
They only know to fall or stand, to live the brave or die.
The flag that carries round the world a Nelson's victor name
Must never shield a dastard knave or strike in craven shame.

Let triumph scan her blazing page, no record shall eclipse
The glory of old England's cross, her sailors and her ships.

The tempest breath sweeps o'er the sea with howlings of despair,
Death walks upon the waters, but the tar must face and bear.
The bullets hiss, the broadside pours, 'mid sulphur, blood, and smoke,
And prove a British crew and craft alike are hearts of oak.
Oh! ye who live 'mid fruit and flowers—the peaceful, safe, and free—
Yield up a prayer for those who dare the perils of the sea.
"God and our right!" these are the words e'er first upon our lips;
But next shall be, "Old England's flag, our sailors and our ships."

STANZAS.

My joy, my hopes, let others share:
In grief I'd play the miser's part;
My lips, my brow, should never bear
The index of a stricken heart.

If riches were consign'd to me,
No griping hand would clutch the pelf;
For valueless the gold would be
If hoarded only for myself.

If pleasure's cheering rays were mine,
I would not bask in selfish light,
But have the circle spread and shine,
And make all round as glad and bright.

But should my spirit bend and ache
Beneath some pressing load of woe,
Unheard the heavy sigh must break,
Unseen the scalding drop must flow!

With sudden stroke or wearing pain
The barb might pierce, the worm might feed:
I'd cloak the wound, I'd hide the chain—
In secret weep—in silence bleed.

For did my troubled breast reveal
Its anguish to the world's wide ear,
The few would grieve, partake, and feel—
The many would not care to hear.

And could I bear the few, the loved,
To make my fears and sorrows theirs!
Could I e'er wish a bosom moved
To note and mourn my doubts and cares!

'Twere easier far to inly groan,
And let the canker rankle deep;

Better the worst of pangs my own
Than see a dear one watch and weep!

And who among the busy throng
Would heed my words or mark my tear?
The saddest tale, the foulest wrong,
Might raise a smile or call a sneer.

Oh! well I know, whate'er my fate,
I'd meet and brook it firmly proud,
And rather die beneath the weight
Than tell it to the soulless crowd.

Joy, hope, and wealth, let others share;
In *grief* I'd play the miser's part:
I'd scatter all that's sweet and fair,
But lock the nightshade in my heart.

CHARLIE O'ROSS WI' THE SLOE BLACK EEN.

'Tis down in the glen where the wild thistle grows,
Where the golden furze glitters, and bonnie broom blows,
There dwells the braw laddie, sae gallant and free,
The laddie wha blithely comes wooing o' me.

You may ken him from a' by his beauty sae rare,
By the bloom on his cheek, and his dark glossy hair;
Oh there's nane half sae bright on the hills to be seen
As Charlie o'Ross, wi' the sloe black een.

He looks like a laird, in his bonnet o' blue;
His words are sae soft, and his heart is sae true;
The sang that he sings is sae sweet, and sae clear,
That it falls like the mavis's notes on the ear.

To be lov'd by him dearly is a' my delight;
And he'll gang through the heather to meet me to night;
For I promised to lead off the dance on the green,
Wi' Charlie o'Ross, wi' the sloe black een.

BLUE BELLS IN THE SHADE.

The choicest buds in Flora's train
Let other fingers twine;
Let others snatch the damask rose,
Or wreathe the eglantine.
I'd leave the sunshine and parterre,
And seek the woodland glade,
To stretch me on the fragrant bed
Of blue bells in the shade.

Let others cull the daffodill,
The lily, soft and fair,
And deem the tulip's gaudy cup
Most beautiful and rare;
But give to me, oh, give to me
The coronal that's made
Of golden wheat-ears, mingled with
The blue bells from the shade.

The sunflower and the peony,
The poppy, bright and gay,
Have no alluring charms for me;
I'd fling them all away.
Exotic bloom may fill the vase,
Or grace the high-born maid;
But sweeter far, to me, than all,
Are blue bells in the shade.

THE FISHER BOY JOLLILY LIVES.

Merrily oh! merrily oh!
The nets are spread out to the sun;
Merrily oh! the fisher boys sings,
Right glad that his labour is done.
Happy and gay, with his boat in the bay,
The storm and the danger forgot;
The wealthy and great might repine at their state,
And envy the fisher boy's lot.
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
This is the burden he gives;
Cheerily oh! though the blast may blow,
The fisher boy jollily lives.

Merrily oh! merrily oh!
He sleeps till the morning breaks;
Merrily oh! at the sea-gull's scream
The fisher boy quickly awakes.
Down on the strand he is plying his hand,
His shouting is heard again;

The clouds are dark, but he springs to his bark
With the same light-hearted strain.
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
This is the burden he gives;
Cheerily oh! though the blast may blow,
The fisher boy jollily lives.

I THANK THEE, GOD! FOR WEAL AND WOE.

I THANK Thee, GOD! for all I've known
Of kindly fortune, health and joy;
And quite as gratefully I own
The bitter drops of life's alloy.

Oh! there was wisdom in the blow
That wrung the sad and scalding tear,
That laid my dearest idol low,
And left my bosom lone and drear.

I thank Thee, GOD! for all of smart
That thou hast sent, for not in vain
Has been the heavy aching heart,
The sigh of grief, the throb of pain.

What if my cheek had ever kept
Its healthful colour, glad and bright?—
What if my eyes had never wept
Throughout a long and sleepless night?

Then, then, perchance, my soul had not
  Remember'd there were paths less fair,
And, selfish in my own blest lot,
  Ne'er strove to soothe another's care.

But when the weight of sorrow found
  My spirit prostrate and resign'd,
The anguish of the bleeding wound
  Taught me to feel for all mankind.

Even as from the wounded tree
  The goodly, precious balm will pour;
So in the rived heart there'll be
  Mercy that never flow'd before.

'Tis well to learn that sunny hours
  May quickly change to mournful shade;
'Tis well to prize life's scatter'd flowers,
  Yet be prepared to see them fade.

I thank Thee, God! for weal and woe;
  And, whatsoe'er the trial be,
'Twill serve to wean me from below,
  And bring my spirit nigher Thee.

STANZAS.—THE TOMB.

Few years ago I shunn'd the tomb,
  And turn'd me from a tablet-stone;

I shiver'd in the churchyard gloom,
And sicken'd at a bleaching bone.

Then all were round my warm young heart—
The kindred tie—the cherish'd form;
I knew not what it was to part,
And give them to the dust and worm.

But soon I lost the gems of earth,
I saw the dearest cold in death;
And sorrow changed my joyous mirth
To searing drops and sobbing breath.

I stood by graves all dark and deep,
Pale, voiceless, wrapt in mute despair;
I left my soul's adored to sleep
In stirless, dreamless slumber there.

And now I steal at night to see
The soft, clear moonbeams playing o'er
Their hallow'd beds, and long to be
Where all most prized have gone before.

Now I can calmly gaze around
On osier'd heaps, with yearning eye,
And murmur o'er the grassy mound—
"'Tis a glorious privilege to die."

The grave hath lost its conquering might,
And death its dreaded sting of pain,
Since they but ope the path of light
To lead me to the loved again.

THE SMUGGLER BOY.

We stole away at the fall of night,
When the red round moon was deep'ning her light,
But none knew whither our footsteps bent,
Nor how those stealthy hours were spent;
For we crept away to the rocky bay,
Where the cave and craft of a fierce band lay;
We gave the signal cry, "Ahoy!"
And found a mate in the smuggler boy.

His laugh was deep, his speech was bold,
And we loved the fearful tales he told
Of the perils he met in his father's bark,
Of the chase by day and the storm by dark;
We got him to take the light boat out,
And gaily and freshly we dash'd about,
And nought of pleasure could ever decoy
From the moonlight sail with the smuggler boy.

We caught his spirit, and learnt to love
The cageless eagle more than the dove;
And wild and happy souls were we,
Roving with him by the heaving sea.
He whisper'd the midnight work they did,
And show'd us where the kegs were hid:
All secrets were ours—a word might destroy—
But we never betray'd the smuggler boy.

We sadly left him, bound to range
A distant path of care and change;

We have sought him again, but none could relate
The place of his home, or a word of his fate:
Long years have sped, but we dream of him now,
With the red cap toss'd on his dauntless brow;
And the world hath never given a joy
Like the moonlight sail with the smuggler boy.

MY BIRTHDAY.

Mother, there's no soft hand comes now
To smooth the dark curls o'er my brow;
I hear no voice so low and mild
As that which breathed "my own loved child."
No smile will greet, no lips will press,
No prayer will rise, no words will bless,
So fond, so dear, so true for me
As those I ever met from thee.

Oh! that my soul could melt in tears,
And die beneath the pain it bears;
The grief that springs, the thoughts that goad,
Become a heavy madd'ning load;
For all that heart and memory blends
But hotly scathes and sorely rends;
And feeling, with its biting fangs,
Tortures with sharp and bleeding pangs.

My Mother! thou didst prophecy
With sighing tone and weeping eye

That the cold world would never be
A kindred resting place for me.
Oh, thou wert right! I cannot find
One sympathetic link to bind,
But where some dark alloy comes in
To mar with folly, wrong, or sin.

My Mother! thou didst know full well
My spirit was not fit to dwell
With crowds who dream not of the ray
That burns the very soul away.
That ray is mine; 'tis held from GOD,
But scourges like a blazing rod,
And never glows with fiercer flame
Than when 'tis kindled at thy name.

My Mother! thou art remembered yet
With doting love and keen regret;
My birthday finds me once again
In fervent sorrow, deep as vain.
Thou art gone for ever, I must wait
The will of Heaven, the work of fate.
And faith can yield no hope for me
Brighter than that of meeting thee.

SONG OF THE IMPRISONED BIRD.

YE may pass me by with pitying eye,
And cry "Poor captive thing!"

But I'll prove ye are caged as safely as I,
If ye'll hearken the notes I sing.

I flutter in thrall, and so do all;—
Ye have bonds ye cannot escape,
With only a little wider range,
And bars of another shape.

The noble ranks of fashion and birth
Are fetter'd by courtly rule;
They dare not rend the shackles that tend
To form the knave and fool.

The parasite, bound to kiss the hand
That, perchance, he may loathe to touch;
The maiden, high born, wedding where she may scorn;
Oh! has earth worse chains than such!

The one who lives but to gather up wealth,
Though great his treasures may be,
Yet, guarding with care and counting by stealth,—
What a captive wretch is he!

The vainly proud, who turn from the crowd,
And tremble lest they spoil
The feathers of the peacock plume
With a low plebeian soil;—

Oh! joy is mine to see them strut
In their chosen narrow space;
They mount a perch, but ye need not search
For a closer prison place.

The being of fitful curbless wrath
May fiercely stamp and rave;
He will call himself free, but there cannot be
More mean and piteous slave;—

For the greatest victim, the fastest bound
Is the one who serves his rage:
The temper that governs will ever be found
A fearful torture cage.

Each breathing spirit is chasten'd down
By the hated or the dear;
The gentle smile or tyrant frown
Will hold ye in love or fear.

How much there is self-will would do,
Were it not for the dire dismay
That bids ye shrink, as ye suddenly think
Of "What will my neighbour say?"

Then pity me not; for mark mankind,
Of every rank and age;
Look close to the heart, and ye'll ever find,
That each is a bird in a cage.

THE WILLOW TREE.

Tree of the gloom, o'erhanging the tomb,
Thou seem'st to love the churchyard sod;

Thou ever art found on the charnel ground,
Where the laughing and happy have rarely trod.
When thy branches trail to the wintry gale,
Thy wailing is sad to the hearts of men;
When the world is bright in a summer's light,
'Tis only the wretched that love thee then.
The golden moth and the shining bee
Will seldom rest on the willow tree.

The weeping maid comes under thy shade,
Mourning her faithful lover dead;
She sings of his grave in the crystal wave,
Of his sea-weed shroud and coral bed.
A chaplet she weaves of thy downy leaves,
And twines it round her pallid brow;
Sleep falls on her eyes while she softly sighs,
"My love, my dearest, I come to thee now."
She sits and dreams of the moaning sea,
While the night wind creeps through the willow tree.

The dying one will turn from the sun,
The dazzling flowers, and luscious fruit,
To set his mark in thy sombre bark,
And find a couch at thy moss-clad root.
He is fading away like the twilight ray,
His cheek is pale and his glance is dim;
But thy drooping arms, with their pensive charms,
Can yield a joy till the last for him;
And the latest words on his lips shall be,
"Oh, bury me under the willow tree!"

FIRE.

Blandly glowing, richly bright,
Cheering star of social light;
While I gently heap it higher,
How I bless thee, sparkling fire!
Who loves not the kindly rays
Streaming from the temper'd blaze?
Who can sit beneath his hearth
Dead to feeling, stern to mirth?
Who can watch the crackling pile,
And keep his breast all cold the while.

Fire is good, but it must *serve:*
Keep it thrall'd—for if it swerve
Into freedom's open path,
What shall check its maniac wrath?
Where's the tongue that can proclaim
The fearful work of curbless flame?
Darting wide and shooting high,
It lends a horror to the sky;
It rushes on to waste, to scare,
Arousing terror and despair;
It tells the utmost earth can know
About the demon scenes below;
And sinks at last, all spent and dead,
Among the ashes it has spread.
Sure the poet is not wrong
To glean a moral from the song.
Listen, youth! nor scorn, nor frown,
Thou must chain thy passions down:

Well to serve, but ill to sway,
Like the fire they must *obey*.
They are good in subject state
To strengthen, warm, and animate;
But if once we let them *reign*,
They sweep with desolating train,
'Till they but leave a hated name,
A ruin'd soul, and blacken'd fame.

STANZAS.

They told me, in my earlier years,
Life was a dark and tangled web;
A gloomy sea of bitter tears,
Where sorrow's influx had no ebb.

But such was vainly taught and said,
My laugh rung out with joyous tone;
The woof possess'd *one* brilliant thread,
Of rainbow colours, all my own.

They talk'd of trials, sighs, and grief,
And call'd the world a wilderness,
Where dazzling bud or fragrant leaf
But rarely sprung to cheer and bless.

But there was one dear precious flower
Engrafted in *my* bosom's core,
Which made my home an Eden bower,
And caused a doubt if heaven held more.

I boasted — till a mother's grave
Was heap'd and sodded — then I found
The sunshine stricken from the wave,
And all the golden thread unwound.

Where was the flower I had worn
So fondly, closely, in my heart?
The bloom was crush'd, the root was torn,
And left a cureless, bleeding part.

Preach on who will — say "Life is sad,"
I'll not refute as once I did;
You'll find the eye that beam'd so glad
Will hide a tear beneath its lid.

Preach on of woe; the time *hath* been
I'd praise the world with shadeless brow:
The dream is broken.—I have seen
A mother die: I'm silent now.

LINES TO THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Lady, perchance my untaught strain
May little suit a royal ear;
But I would break my lyre in twain
Ere aught it yield be insincere.

There's been enough of dulcet tone
To praise thy charms and greet thy youth;

But I, though standing by thy throne,
Would proudly dare to sing the truth.

I cannot join the minstrel throng
Who pour idolatrous pretence;
Because I deem such fulsome song
Must sadly pall upon thy sense.

Thou art a star, whose leading light
Must beacon through a stormy way:
Shine out, and, if thou guid'st aright,
Our hearts will bless the saving ray.

If thou would'st walk a better path
Than regal steps have chiefly trod,
So sway thy sceptre, that it hath
Some glorious attributes of GOD.

Peace, mercy, justice, mark *His* reign,
And these should dwell with all who rule;
Beware! resist the poison bane
Of tyrant, knave, or courtier fool.

Thou hast been train'd by goodly hand
To fill thy place of mighty care;
And Heaven forbid that faction's band
Should turn our hopes to blank despair.

Lean on thy people, trust their love,
Thou'lt never find a stronger shield;
The "toiling herd" will nobly prove
What warm devotion they can yield.

Remember, much of weal or woe
To millions, rest alone with thee;
Be firm, and let Old England show
A nation happy, wise, and free.

STANZAS.

I've track'd the paths of the dark wild wood,
No footfall there but my own;
I've linger'd beside the moaning flood,
But I never felt alone.
There were lovely things for my soul to meet,
Rare work for my eye to trace:
I held communion close and sweet
With a Maker—face to face.

I have sat in the cheerless, vacant room,
At the stillest hour of night,
With nought to break upon the gloom
But the taper's sickly light;
And there I have conjured back again
The loved ones, lost and dead,
Till my swelling heart and busy brain
Have hardly deem'd them fled.

I may rove the waste or tenant the cell,
But *alone* I never shall be;
While this form is a home where the spirit may dwell,
There is something to mate with me.

Wait till ye turn from my mindless clay,
And the shroud o'er my breast is thrown,
And then, but not *till* then, ye may say,
That I am left alone!

SONG OF THE SUN.

Supreme of the sky—no throne so high—
I reign a monarch divine;
What have ye below that doth not owe
Its glory and lustre to mine?
Has beauty a charm I have not help'd
To nurture in freshness and bloom?
Can a tint be spread—can a glance be shed
Like those I deign to illume?
Though ye mimic my beams, as ye do and ye will,—
Let all galaxies meet, I am mightiest still!

The first red ray that heralds my way,
Just kisses the mountain top;
And splendour dwells in the cowslip bells
While I kindle each nectar drop:
I speed on my wide refulgent path,
And nature's homage is given;
All tones are pour'd to greet me adored
As I reach the blue mid-heaven,
And the sweetest and boldest, the truly free,
The lark and the eagle come nearest to me.

The glittering train so praised by man,
The moon, night's worshipp'd queen,
The silvery scud, and the rainbow's span,
Snatch from me their colours and sheen.
I know when my radiant streams are flung,
Creation shows all that is bright,
But I'm jealous of nought save the face of the young,
Laughing back my noontide light:
I see nothing so pure or so dazzling on earth,
As childhood's brow with its halo of mirth.

My strength goes down in the crystal caves,
I gem the billow's wide curl,
I paint the dolphin and burnish the waves,
I tinge the coral and pearl.
Love ye the flowers? What power, save mine,
Can the velvet rose unfold?
Who else can purple the grape on the vine,
Or flush the wheat-ear with gold?
Look on the beam-lit wilderness spot—
'Tis more fair than the palace, where I come not.

Though giant clouds ride on the whirlwind's tide,
And gloom on the world may fall,
I yet flash on in gorgeous pride,
Untarnish'd above them all.
So the pure warm heart for awhile may appear,
In probations of sorrow and sin,
To be dimm'd and obscured, but trial or tear
Cannot darken the spirit within.
Let the breast keep its truth, and life's shadows may roll,
But they quench not, they reach not the sun nor the soul.

A SUMMER SKETCH.

'Tis June, 'tis merry smiling June;
'Tis blushing summer now:
The rose is red—the bloom is dead—
The fruit is on the bough.

Flora, with Ceres, hand in hand,
Bring all their smiling train:
The yellow corn is waving high,
To gild the earth again.

The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,
Amid the clust'ring vine:
The rustic seat is in the porch,
Where honeysuckles twine.

The rosy ragged urchins play
Beneath the glowing sky;
They scoop the sand, or gaily chase
The bee thut buzzes by.

The household spaniel flings his length
Along the stone-paved hall:
The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot
Where leafy shadows fall.

The petted kitten frisks among
The bean flowers' fragrant maze;
Or, basking, throws her dappled form
To court the warmest rays.

The open'd casement, flinging wide,
Geraniums give to view;
With choicest posies rang'd between,
Still wet with morning dew.

'Tis June, 'tis merry laughing June
There's not a cloud above;
The air is still, o'er heath and hill,
The bulrush does not move.

The pensive willow bends to kiss
The stream so deep and clear;
While dabbling ripples gliding on,
Bring music to mine ear.

The mower whistles o'er his toil,
The em'rald grass must yield;
The scythe is out, the swarth is down,
There's incense in the field.

Oh! how I love to calmly muse
In such an hour as this;
To nurse the joy creation gives,
In purity and bliss.

There is devotion in my soul
My lip can ne'er impart;
But thou, oh God! will deign to read
The tablet of my heart.

And if that heart should e'er neglect
The homage of its prayer,
Lead it to nature's altar-piece,—
'Twill always worship there.

THE WELCOME BACK.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us;
Where hands are striving as we come,
To be the first to greet us.
When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath,
And care been sorely pressing:
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a fireside blessing.
Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we reck on a dreary way,
Though lonely and benighted,
If we know there are lips to chide our stay,
And eyes that will beam love-lighted?
What is the worth of your diamond ray,
To the glance that flashes pleasure;
When the words that welcome back betray,
We form a heart's chief treasure?
Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

WHILE THE CHRISTMAS LOG IS BURNING.

Hail to the night when we gather once more
All the forms we love to meet;
When we've many a guest that's dear to our breast,
And the household dog at our feet.

Who would not be in the circle of glee
When heart to heart is yearning—
When joy breathes out in the laughing shout
While the Christmas log is burning?

'Tis one of the fairy hours of life,
When the world seems all of light;
For the thought of woe, or the name of a foe,
Ne'er darkens the festive night.
When bursting mirth rings round the hearth,
Oh! where is the spirit that's mourning,
While merry bells chime with the carol rhyme,
And the Christmas log is burning?

Then is the time when the grey old man
Leaps back to the days of youth;
When brows and eyes bear no disguise,
But flush and gleam with truth.
Oh! then is the time when the soul exults,
And seems right heavenward turning;
When we love and bless the hands we press,
While the Christmas log is burning.

THE ACORN.

Beautiful germ! I have set thee low
In the dewy earth—strike, spring and grow.
Oh! cleave to the soil, and thou may'st be
The king of the woods, a brave rare tree.

Acorn of England, thou may'st bear
Thy green head high in the mountain air.
Another age, and thy mighty form
May scowl at the sun and mock at the storm.

A hundred years, and the woodman's stroke
May fiercely fall on thy heart of oak;
Let time roll on, and thy planks may ride
In glorious state o'er the fathomless tide.
Thou may'st baffle the waters, and firmly take
The winds that sweep and waves that break;
And thy vaunted strength shall as nobly stand
The rage of the sea as the storm on the land.

A hundred years, and in some fair hall
Thou may'st shine as the polish'd wainscot wall;
And ring with the laugh and echo the jest
Of the happy host and the feasting guest.
Acorn of England! deep in the earth
May'st thou live and burst in flourishing birth;
May thy root be firm and thy broad arms wave,
When the hand that plants thee is cold is the grave.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

The holly! the holly! oh, twine it with bay—
Come give the holly a song;
For it helps to drive stern winter away,
With his garment so sombre and long.

It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,
And its leaves of burnish'd green,
When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
And not even the daisy is seen.
Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,
That hangs over peasant and king:
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glitt'ring boughs,
To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

The gale may whistle, and frost may come,
To fetter the gurgling rill;
The woods may be bare, and the warblers dumb —
But the holly is beautiful still.
In the revel and light of princely halls,
The bright holly-branch is found;
And its shadow falls on the lowliest walls,
While the brimming horn goes round.
Then drink to the holly, &c.

The ivy lives long, but its home must be
Where graves and ruins are spread;
There's beauty about the cypress tree,
But it flourishes near the dead:
The laurel the warrior's brow may wreathe,
But it tells of tears and blood.
I sing the holly, and who can breathe
Aught of *that* that is not good?
Then sing to the holly, &c.

TO A CRICKET.

Merry cricket, twitt'ring thing,
How I love to hear thee sing!
Chirping tenant, child of mirth,
Minstrel of the poor man's hearth!—
Stay, merry cricket, stay and be
Companion in our jollity.

Winter days are round us now,
Stormy winds, and falling snow;
Pelting hail is rattling fast,
Driven by the northern blast;
Dark December's dreary night
Needs the faggots' blazing light:
Grandsires tell the goblin tale,
Urchins listen,—mute and pale;
Misletoe is hung on high;
Christmas tide is drawing nigh;—
Stay, merry cricket, stay, and be
Partner in our jollity.

Holly branches deck the walls
Of peasants' cots, and barons' halls;
Scarlet berries peep between,
Twined with laurel, darkly green,
Close commingled, rudely bound,
Sacredly they wreathe around.—

Polish'd tankards grace the board;
Racks and cellars yield their hoard;
Flowing ale, with cheering zest,
Animates the song and jest;
Wine, rich sparkling, greets the lip,
Such as Bacchus' self might sip;
Such that Horace might have sung
Praises of with honest tongue;
Giving to the world its name,
Sharing the Falernian fame.—
Laughing voices, bounding feet,
In many a happy circle meet;
Sports and feasting make the hours
Light as those in summer bowers;—
Stay, then, merry cricket, stay,
Tarry with the glad and gay.

Spring about the oaken floor,
Dread not pussy's murderous paw;
Dainty crumbs and fragments rare
Shall be scatter'd for thy fare;
Gambol in thy covert warm,
None shall chase thee, nought shall harm;
I will guard thee, for I dote
Upon thy timid whistling note.

Stay, then, merry cricket, stay,
Tarry with the glad and gay;
Share our blazing fire, and be
Partner in our jollity.

J.H. Nixon del. H. Adlard. sc.

"But the marble shall crumble, the pillar shall fall,
And Time, Old Time, will be King after all.

Song of Old Time

London, Cassell & Co. Ltd. Fleet Street

SONNET,

WRITTEN AT THE COUCH OF A DYING PARENT.

'Tis midnight! and pale Melancholy stands
Beside me, wearing a funereal wreath
Of yew and cypress: the faint dirge of death
Moans in her breathing, while her wither'd hands
Fling corse-bedecking rosemary around.
She offers nightshade, spreads a winding sheet,
Points to the clinging clay upon her feet,
And whispers tidings of the charnel ground.
Oh! pray thee, Melancholy, do not bring
These bitter emblems with thee; I can bear
With all but these,—'tis these, oh God! that wring
And plunge my heart in maddening despair.
Hence, for awhile, pale Melancholy, go!
And let sweet slumber lull my weeping woe.

SONG OF THE GOBLET.

I HAVE kept my place at the rich man's board
For many a waning night,
Where streams of dazzling splendour pour'd
Their galaxy of light:
No wilder revelry has rung
Than where my home has been;
All that the bard of Teos sung,
Has the golden goblet seen;
And what I could tell, full many might deem,
A fable of fancy, or tale of a dream.

I have beheld a courteous band
Sit round in bright array;
Their voices firm, their words all bland,
And brows like a cloudless day:
But soon the guests were led by the host
To dash out reason's lamp;
And then God's noble image had lost
The fineness of its stamp:
And their sober cheeks have blush'd to hear
What they told o'er to me without shame or fear.

Their loud and tuneless laugh would tell
Of a hot and reeling brain;
Their right arms trembled, and red wine fell
Like blood on a battle plain.
The youth would play the chattering ape,
And the grey-hair'd one would let
The foul and sickening jest escape
Till I've loathed the lips I've met;
And the swine in the dust, or the wolf on its prey,
Gave less of sheer disgust than they.

The drunkard has fill'd me again and again
'Mid the roar of a frantic din,
Till the starting eyeballs told his brain
Was an Etna pile within.
Oh! sad is the work that I have done
In the hands of the sot and fool;
Cursed and dark is the fame I have won,
As Death's most powerful tool:
And I own that those who greet my rim
Too oft will find their bane on the brim.

But all the golden goblet has wrought
Is not of the evil kind;
I have help'd the creature of mighty thought,
And quicken'd the godlike mind.
As gems of first water may lie in the shade,
And no lustre be known to live,
Till the kiss of the noontide beam has betray'd
What a glorious sheen they can give:
So, the breast may hold fire that none can see,
Till it meet the sun-ray shed by me.

I have burst the spirit's moody trance,
And woke it to mirth and wit,
Till the soul would dance in every glance
Of eyes that were rapture lit.
I have heard the bosom all warm and rife
With friendship, offer up
Its faith in heaven, its hope on earth,
With the name it breathed in the cup!
And I was proud to seal the bond
Of the truly great and the firmly fond.

I have served to raise the shivering form
That sunk in the driving gale;
I have fann'd the flame that famine and storm
Had done their worst to pale:
The stagnant vein has been curdled and cold
As the marble's icy streak;
But I have come, and the tide hath roll'd
Right on to the heart and cheek;
And bursting words from a grateful breast
Have told the golden goblet was blest.

Oh! Heaven forbid that bar or ban
Should be thrown on the draught I bear;
But woeful it is that senseless man
Will brand me with sin and despair.
Use me wisely, and I will lend
A joy ye may cherish and praise;
But love me too well, and my potion shall send
A burning blight on thy days.
This is the strain I sing as ye fill—
"Beware! the goblet can cheer or kill!"

WASHINGTON.

Land of the west! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out — thine shall be loudest far:
Let others boast their satellites — thou hast the planet star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won.
Land of the west! it stands alone—it is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath:
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.

France had its Eagle; but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.
Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves —
Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves —
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on —
Oh, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge — sword to sword.
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate — no burst of despot rage.
He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntless led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor chief:

He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
And cast no sceptre from the links when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down,
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy — too proud of such a son —
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine — my loved, my native earth! —
The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that mother birth!
Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath, that sighed, "Farewell for ever more!"
But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's song to tell.
Away, thou gallant ship! I'd cry, and bear me swiftly on;
But bear me from my own fair land to that of Washington!

LOVE'S FIRST DREAM.

Bright is the froth of an eastern wave,
As it plays in the sun's last glow;

ANACREONTIC.

WINE! Wine! Wine!
Thou purple stream of bliss;
Thy Lethe powers, drown by-gone hours,
And make a heaven of this.
Go, look upon the boundless sky,
Where shining planets roll;
There's none can match the sparkling eye,
When Wine lights up the soul!
Let monarchs say, their Eastern gems,
All other gems surpass;
We'll show them brighter in the drops
That stud each draining glass;
Wine! Wine! Wine!
Thou purple stream of bliss;
Thy Lethe powers drown by-gone hours,
And make a heaven of this.

There's beauty round that might entice
The angels as of yore:
Once drawn to Earth by such a charm,
They'd seek the sky no more.
There's Music, soft and thrilling—hark!
What magic in the strain;
'Twere madness for to listen long,
Come fill the glass again.
Wine! Wine! Wine!
Thou purple stream of bliss;
Thy Lethe powers drown by-gone hours,
And make a heaven of this.

Young Bacchus reels about our board,
With face like morning's blush;
His cheeks have pilfer'd from the grapes
Their rich carnation flush.
The rosy rogue around to night
A treble rapture flings;
He revels with Apollo's lyre,
And Cupid's burning wings.
Wine! Wine! Wine!
Thou purple stream of bliss;
Thy Lethe powers drown by-gone hours,
And make a heaven of this.

SAY, OH! SAY, YOU LOVE ME!

By the gloom that shades my heart,
When, fair girl, from thee I part;
By the deep impassioned sigh,
Half suppress'd when thou art nigh;
By the heaving of my breast,
When thy hand by mine is press'd;
By these fervent signs betray'd;
Canst thou doubt my truth, sweet maid?
Then say, oh! say, you love me!

By the joy that thrills my frame,
To hear another praise thy name;
By my mingled dread the while,
Lest that one should woo thy smile;

By the flush that dyes my cheek,
Telling what I ne'er could speak;
By these fervent signs betray'd,
Canst thou doubt my truth, sweet maid?
Then say, oh! say, you love me!

Heart and soul, more fond than mine,
Trust me, never can be thine;
Heart and soul, whose passion pure,
Long as life shall thus endure.
Take, oh! take me, let me live
On the hope thy smiles can give;
See me kneel before my throne;
Take, oh! take me, for thine own,
And say, oh! say, you love me!

FILL MY GLASS, BOY, FILL UP TO THE BRIM!

Fill my glass, boy; fill up to the brim!
Here's to thee, dear, my life and my love;
Though thy truant one roved from thy side for awhile,
He's return'd to thee fond as a dove.

I've wander'd, and sportively sought
For another, like Venus and thee;
But found I had look'd on the sun too long,
For aught else to be bright to me.

Like Adam, I mournfully sigh'd,
To get back to my Eden of bliss;
For there's nought half so radiant on earth as thy smile,
Nor so sweet as the fruit of thy kiss.

Like the mate of the glow worm, I found
I had left one so brilliant behind,
That backward I flew, lest the gem should be lost,
Which a sultan right gladly would find.

And truly I turn to thine eye,
As the Mussulman turns to the flame;
And the faith I this moment so zealously hold,
Shall in death, love, continue the same.

Fill my glass, boy; fill up to the brim!
Here's to thee, dear, my life and my love;
Though thy truant one rov'd from thy side for awhile,
He's return'd to thee fond as a dove.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Let the scholar and divine
Tell us how to pray aright;
Let the truths of Gospel shine
With their precious hallow'd light;
But the prayer a mother taught
Is to me a matchless one;
Eloquent and spirit fraught
Are the words—"Thy will be done."

Though not fairly understood,
  Still those words, at evening hour,
Implied some Being, great and good,
  Of mercy, majesty, and power.
Bending low on infant knee,
  And gazing on the setting sun,
I thought that orb his home must be,
  To whom I said—"Thy will be done."

I have search'd the sacred page,
  I have heard the godly speech,
But the lore of saint or sage
  Nothing holier can teach.
Pain has wrung my spirit sore,
  But my soul the triumph won,
When the anguish that I bore
  Only breathed—"Thy will be done."

They have serv'd in pressing need,
  Have nerv'd my heart in every task,
And howsoe'er my breast may bleed,
  No other balm of prayer I ask.
When my whiten'd lips declare
  Life's last sands have almost run,
May the dying breath they bear
  Murmur forth—"Thy will be done."

SONG OF OLD TIME.

I WEAR not the purple of earth-born kings,
Nor the stately ermine of lordly things;
But monarch and courtier, though great they be,
Must fall from their glory and bend to me.
My sceptre is gemless; yet who can say
They will not come under its mighty sway?
Ye may learn who I am, — there's the passing chime,
And the dial to herald me, Old King Time!

Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,
After cheeks all blooming and eyes all light;
My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow,
In the deep-worn furrows and locks of snow.
Who laughs at my power? the young and the gay;
But they dream not how closely I track their way.
Wait till their first bright sands have run,
And they will not smile at what Time hath done.

I eat through treasures with moth and rust;
I lay the gorgeous palace in dust;
I make the shell-proof tower my own,
And break the battlement, stone from stone.
Work on at your cities and temples, proud man,
Build high as ye may, and strong as ye can;
But the marble shall crumble, the pillar shall fall,
And Time, Old Time, will be king after all.

Pure is the pearl in its crystal bed,
Gemming the worlds below;
Warm is the heart that mingles its blood
In the red tide of glory's stream;
But more flashingly bright, more pure, more warm,
Is love's first dream!

Hope paints the vision with hues of her own,
In all the colours of spring;
While the young lip breathes, like a dewy rose
Fann'd by the fire-fly's wing.
'Tis a fairy scene, where the fond soul roves,
Exulting in passion's warm beam;
Ah! sad 'tis to think we should wake with a chill,
From love's first dream!

But it fades like the rainbow's brilliant arch,
Scatter'd by clouds and wind;
Leaving the spirit, unrobed of light,
In darkness and tears behind.
When mortals look back on the heartfelt woes
They have met with in life's rough stream,
That sigh will be deepest which memory gives
To love's first dream!

TIME.

Oh! never chide the wing of Time,
Or say 'tis tardy in its flight;
You'll find the days speed quick enough,
If you but husband them aright.

Thy span of life is waning fast;
Beware! unthinking youth, beware!
Thy soul's *eternity* depends
Upon the record *moments* bear.

Time is indeed a precious boon,
But with the boon a task is given;
The heart must learn its duty well
To man on earth and God in heaven.

Take heed, then, play not with thine hours,
Beware! unthinking youth, beware!
The one who acts the part he ought,
Will have but little time to spare.

THE END.

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